PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

FEB 8 1940

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIX. No. 465 (New Series) SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1940 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	61
SPECULATION AND REALITY	64
BRITISH WAR AIMS AND FRENCH SECURITY. By R. H. S. Crossman	65
A LONDON DIARY	66
THIS ENGLAND	67
THE UNITED STATES AND FINLAND	68
THE DON'T-KNOWS. By Y. Y.	69
THE FOOTPAD. By Richard Church	70
THE CAMPAIGN. By Frederic Prokosch	71
PLAYS AND PICTURES	71
CORRESPONDENCE From Alexander Werth; L. R. F.; Reginald Reynolds; X. Y.; F. L. Jackman; Pilgrim; Cicely M. Craven; Osbert Sitwell; A. J. Munnings, R.A.	73

REVIEWS:	Page
The Establishment. By Raymond Mortimer	76
New Novels. By Anthony West	77
An Economic Sect. By Harold J. Laski	78
An Innocent at School. By T. Smallbones	78
Tudor Snacks. By Rose Macaulay	80
War Finance. By G. D. H. Cole	80
Alpine Metaphysics. By E. E. Kellett	82
SHORTER NOTICES	82
BOOKS TO COME. By Marie Scott-James	83
ABOUT MOTORING. By R. E. Davidson	84
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	86
CROSSWORD	88
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Cynicus	90

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE old school tie was seen to great advantage in the debate on the dismissal of Mr. Hore-Belisha. Mr. Belisha did not say too much; Mr. Chamberlain said nothing, and Mr. Attlee supported him. This week our Parliamentary Correspondent (whose contributions will, we hope, now appear regularly in this journal) describes this scene and points out that the cause of Mr. Belisha's departure remains as mysterious at the end of the debate as it was at the beginning. Mr. Josiah Wedgwood in a violent outburst did his best to break the appearance of a Parliamentary united front, but even he was unsuccessful. On Wednesday the new Minister of Economic Warfare told everyone how successfully we were strangling Germany and was congratulated by the Opposition.

Finland's Struggle

It is clear that the news from Finland is heavily censored both on the Finnish and on the Russian side. Stalin's troops seem to be held up everywhere except at one point in the "waist-line," where, we gather from the fact that the Finns are said to have "recaptured" Kursu, they must have made a considerable progress. Russian aeroplanes have been bombing Finnish towns and villages from a great height; their aviators appear to be instructed only to hit military objectives, but it is the lack of population in the places bombed, rather than the accuracy of the bombers, that accounts for the comparatively small number of Finnish civilian casualties. Immense material damage has been done to the Finnish docks. There is a mistaken idea that Finland will be easy to overrun when the weather breaks. On most of the frontier the only routes into Finland in the spring and summer are narrow and easily defensible passages between regions of water and marsh. The U.S.S.R. has directed stiff notes to Sweden and Norway, complaining of an anti-Soviet campaign and of the formation of voluntary corps to help the Finns. The debate in the Swedish Parliament that followed suggested that Stalin's note had increased Sweden's anger and resolution. Help on a small scale has already gone to Finland from Italy, Britain and France and voluntary Red Cross and relief units are preparing to start out for work in the bitterest cold known in Europe for a generation. In reality Sweden has probably more reason to fear Germany than Russia, and Hitler's latest tactics are cunning enough. Violent threats of a *Blitzkrieg* are designed to frighten the small countries which are then invited to follow Schuschnigg to Berchtesgaden, where no doubt, if they are willing to cast aside friendship with the democratic powers, they will be offered the peace and independence of Austria or Czechoslovakia.

The U.S.S.R. and Czechoslovakia

Two events of considerable significance have been passed over without any comment by the press. The first was the appointment of a Soviet Minister in Bratislava and a Slovakian in Moscow; the second was the curt request, received a few days ago by M. Zdenek Fierlinger, Czechoslovak Minister in Moscow, from the Soviet Government, to regard his mission as at an end. These changes mean that the U.S.S.R. has recognised the German Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia, as well as the "autonomous" Slovak State; and it is noteworthy that the Slovak Minister in Moscow is no less a person than Frano Tiso, the brother of the notorious president of Slovakia. It is not uninteresting to recall the note which M. Litvinov handed to the German Ambassador in Moscow on March 18th in 1939. In that note, the Soviet Government declared that it could not recognise either the annexation of Bohemia and Moravia or that of Slovakia (even under the form of autonomy) as corresponding with the standards of international law or the principle of self-determination. But times have changed. While Britain, France and the U.S.A. still recognise their respective Czechoslovak Ambassadors and the newly-constituted National Committee, Stalin has dismissed the Czech Ambassador in Moscow, and thereby given to the Czechs a clear hint that in the new partition of Central and Eastern Europe, they are relegated to the Nazi zone.

Wages and Prices

The official cost of living index shows a rise of only one point for December, and the cost of food no rise at all. This seems to indicate that the initial forces making for higher prices—chiefly the fall in the external value of the pound, and the higher costs of transport and insurance—have now had their effect, and that the measures of price control are working in relation to the basic commodities which enter into the composition of the official index. Last month's relative stability does not of course exclude quite sharp price increases in the case of goods not covered by the index and in some instances not subject to any sort of control. In general, however, the figures show that no tendency towards a general inflationary movement has yet set in—as indeed it should not, with the level of total industrial activity probably still below that of the pre-war period. Apart, however, from any inflationary rise, prices are already up by enough to raise quite considerable problems. The Trades Union Congress General Council, in a report issued this week to the affiliated Unions, emphasises that the right way of preventing a "vicious spiral" is for the Government to institute a stricter control of prices and profits, accompanied by rationing whenever there is a danger of real shortage. The Council, in giving an account of its recent discussions with the Government, stresses the point that the control of wage negotiations must rest with the individual Union, and is not subject to its control. It denies that the Unions have any responsibility for the price increases which have taken place, and insists that the available sources of taxation have not been fully tapped.

Savings and Family Allowances

In discussing schemes of voluntary saving, the General Council asks that, if Trade Unions agree to help in asking their members to contribute, the employers shall agree not to cite such contributions against them in wage-negotiations, and the Government shall not take account of this in assessing allowances under the Means Test, or in any scheme that may be put into operation for the relief of post-war unemployment. Finally, the Council emphasises its desire to co-operate in avoiding an inflationary rise in prices and wages, such as occurred during the last war, and promises to report further when the matters in question have been more fully considered. Nothing is said in the report on the question of Family Allowances; but this question may become acute if other bodies follow the example of the East Suffolk County Council, which has just met a wage-demand from its employees by granting Family Allowances instead. This action has elicited a strong protest from the Transport and General Workers' Union, which organises the men concerned, on the ground that it means differences in payment to men doing exactly the same work, and thus upsets the basis on which all wage-bargaining rests. This is true enough; and it is clear that if Family Allowances are to come, they ought to be introduced under a State scheme, and the payment of them kept quite apart from the wage-payments for work made by individual employers. There is, we believe, a very strong case for a wartime scheme of Family Allowances, provided it is general and is financed out of taxation; but the attempt to introduce piecemeal plans as an alternative to wage advances is bound to lead to trouble and calculated to set Trade Union opinion decisively against the whole idea.

War Finance—Another Estimate

To the studies of war finance by Mr. Keynes, Mr. Durbin and others must now be added a very interesting book by Mr. R. W. B. Clarke.* Mr. Clarke puts the potential national income of this country under war conditions at about £7,250 millions, measured in pre-war prices. Out of this total, he estimates that war expenditure will absorb £3,000 millions, as against £700 millions before the outbreak of hostilities. He reckons on the maintenance of public services, except those concerned with war, at the pre-war level of £350 millions, and on a cut of capital expenditure from £800 millions to £500 millions. Scaling down exports, visible and invisible, from £900 millions pre-war to £600 millions, he is left with a possible consumer's expenditure in wartime of £2,800 millions, as against a pre-war total of £4,500 millions. On the basis of these estimates, Mr. Clarke goes on to propose a levy of 40 per cent. on all earnings or income over £5 a week, with such additional direct taxation as will take for the State 55 per cent. of all incomes between £250 and £2,000 a year, and 75 per cent. of all incomes over £2,000. He further proposes a levy, subject to children's allowances, on incomes under £5 a week, as these incomes account for £2,850 millions out of the pre-war £4,500 millions spent on consumption. These drastic proposals would mean that about two-thirds of the cost of the war, as estimated by Mr. Clarke, would be met out of taxation, as compared with less than one-third in the war of 1914-1918. Very broadly, these calculations are in agreement with those of Mr. Keynes and Mr. Durbin; and Mr. Clarke's book should deal yet another

* *The Economic Effort of War.* By R. W. B. Clarke. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

blow at the complacency of those who still believe that we can face a protracted war without a radical alteration in our ways of living.

The Black-out

The casualties during the black-out in the month of December are appalling and will perhaps persuade the Home Office to accelerate its leisurely methods of dealing with the problem. The Service Departments still demand a complete black-out; they may be unnecessarily severe, but it is difficult, as the weather for air raids once again approaches, to suggest practical and immediate steps for relaxing this side of A.R.P. But this is all the more reason for rapidly introducing new safety devices. Few motorists for instance in Oxfordshire will deny that the "cats-eyes," with which the County Council has studded its main roads, are an improvement for night driving on the old white line. Nor are they more expensive. It costs, a City Engineer informs us, £16 to white-line 1,000 yards of road. It would cost £50 to lay cats-eyes at 5 yards intervals for a similar distance. But whereas the white lines must be repainted four times a year, the cats-eyes are guaranteed for four years. Thus over four years the costs are £128 and £50 respectively. Safety might require a judicious mixture of the two. We quote "the cats-eye" as one instance of a modern device which has not been widely adopted. There must be many others.

Japan

The new Japanese Cabinet with Admiral Yonai as Prime Minister and Mr. Arita as Foreign Secretary has begun with large statements about the desire of Japan for friendship with everyone, Britain, the U.S.S.R. and the United States. We may assume that its first real concern is the U.S.A. since the Japanese-American Trade Treaty expires on the 26th of this month. So far the offer to reopen the Yangtse to international sea traffic, and to consider American claims for compensation have had as little effect on Washington as the still vague threat to come to an agreement with the U.S.S.R. Present indications are that the U.S.A. is unlikely to proceed to the extreme step of putting an embargo on Japanese trade, but that any renewal of the Trade Agreement will be temporary and conditional. Meanwhile in China itself the new Japanese Government is apparently pressing on its plans for setting up Wang Ching-wei as a puppet Governor in Nanking. Wang Ching-wei is reported to have telegraphed to Chiang Kai-shek and offered to conclude peace between China and Japan on the lines once suggested by Prince Konoye in 1938. These terms could only be accepted by a defeated China; to-day the Chinese armies are unbeaten under a Generalissimo whose Government has remained stable throughout the war and which has no reason or intention of making peace on Japan's terms.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS: Readers are free to post this paper to any country other than the following, to which only the publisher or newsagent with a permit may post:

Italy, Ruthenia, Holland (Netherlands), Belgium, Luxemburg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Lichtenstein, Andorra, or any dependencies thereof.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

The Belisha Debate

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The House of Commons reassembled on Tuesday in the atmosphere of suppressed excitement which invariably characterises a Debate in which personal issues are involved. Question time passed without incident. Mr. Stanley, answering for the first time as Secretary of State for War, had a good reception. A number of bad jokes were made, and greeted with undue hilarity. Then the hero of the afternoon, pale but determined, took his seat amidst subdued applause; and the curtain rose upon what most of us hoped, but few expected, would be an episode of historical consequence and dramatic intensity.

Mr. Hore-Belisha has never been a popular figure in the House of Commons. He is known to have played a great part behind the scenes in the formation of the original "National" Government—but that in itself is not a very strong recommendation. Members of Parliament who have for some years watched his work at close quarters have admired his drive and imagination; but they have not been impressed by his administrative capacity. Further his answers to Parliamentary questions during recent months have not given satisfaction. On several occasions when a plain statement of unpalatable facts would have been accepted by the House, he has been unnecessarily evasive. Lastly the House has resented the fact that Mr. Belisha has always appeared to attach greater importance to the press than to itself. He has never bothered much about the ordinary back-bencher. And this has perhaps been his biggest mistake.

The atmosphere at the opening of the Debate was therefore frigid and unsympathetic. Aware of this, Mr. Belisha made what was, in the circumstances, an extremely good speech. It had more sting in it than had been anticipated in the inspired columns of the Government newspapers. His most telling phrase was, "It did not occur to me to consider that we were making the Army too democratic to fight for Democracy." He then made a most curious reference to complaints made "to the highest authority." When he sat down, Members were hopelessly fogged; but the atmosphere, if thicker, was noticeably more friendly.

The Prime Minister made no serious attempt to explain anything. He said there was no difference of policy in the Cabinet. He said there were no differences in the Army Council. He said there had been no pressure from outside by military officers or by their friends to displace the Secretary of State. "Why then did I make this change?" he asked. The House waited expectantly; but no answer was forthcoming.

To our amazement we found ourselves listening to a characteristically lucid and incisive account of the anxieties of Holland and Belgium, the heroism of the Finns, and the recent commercial agreement signed with the Turkish Government. This was scarcely good enough; and when Mr. Chamberlain resumed his seat the House was restless and dissatisfied.

Any serious criticism that might have arisen was, however, immediately disarmed by Mr. Attlee who, to the obvious discomfiture of some of his followers, proceeded to deliver some stinging criticisms of Mr. Hore-Belisha (even going the length of raking up the Sandys Case); and followed this up with a slashing attack on the press as a whole. "We are not prepared," he said, "to swing in behind a press campaign." And later on: "This is a matter where the Prime Minister must take the responsibility . . . but if a Minister is generating more friction than is worth while no doubt he had much better go." So that was that.

Sir Archibald Sinclair manfully tried to restore life to the Debate. He used some words which deserve reproduction; "The only qualification for holding office to-day is the contribution that a man can make towards shortening the war and reducing the slaughter which it so tragically involves. Judged by these standards it seems to me that the Government have failed, and are failing to-day, to rise to the level of events." But the Debate had been killed stone dead.

And the results? A weakening of the position of the Government and of the Prime Minister, who cannot be held to have handled the situation with tact or skill. Apart from this, nothing.

There is one final impression that I took away from the Debate, and that is the strange, almost feminine, jealousy of the House of Commons as a corporate body. It was determined to show who is the real master of this country, and I think it succeeded. This in itself is not an unhealthy sign.

Overheard in the lobby after the Debate: "The shortage of feeding-stuffs and yes-men is causing serious anxiety to the Government."

SPECULATION AND REALITY

THIS is still a war of politics and economics rather than of military force, and in such a war Hitler has certain great advantages. He can keep everybody guessing. Two German aviators have been brought down in Belgium, carrying plans for a Western offensive. Is it a deliberate scare, part of the war of nerves, or is it the beginning of a *Blitzkrieg?* The concentration of a million men on the Belgian-Dutch frontier is a fact. Therefore leave is stopped in all the armies and the professional prophets who sleep under Hitler's bed at night tell us what he said to his generals, what they said to him and the day of the week and the hour of the morning when the German advance is to begin. Perhaps. More likely not. Perhaps this is all a cover for a march to Hungary and Rumania? When Hungary and Italy discuss a Balkan bloc to prevent a Russian advance, are not Counts Ciano and Csaky really more frightened of Germany than of Stalin who is, after all, somewhat heavily engaged in a Finnish blizzard? Would Hungary promise in any circumstances to bear the brunt of a German attack, and would she trust Mussolini to fight against his partner in the Axis and not rather to regard a German advance as an opportunity for the expansion of Italian influence in other parts of the Balkans? Perhaps. But perhaps not. It may be that Hitler's eyes are really turned rather to that essential iron ore, so inconveniently situated in the north of Sweden and so accessible to the Russians if in time they overwhelm the Finns. Does he prefer a neutral Sweden or has he an understanding with the Russians for the partition of Scandinavia? Again all is speculation. Everything is possible but nothing is particularly likely. On what should sane people in this chaos of misery and speculation concentrate their attention?

In the foreign field there is one point on which they should be clear. On any realistic calculation, Hitler, not Stalin, is the chief danger to Britain. Unless Stalin seeks to extend Soviet power to the Atlantic or to Persia there is at present no sphere in which Russian interests conflict with British. Rightly anxious to help the Finns—their anxiety is in striking contrast with their reluctance when Fascists were the aggressors—the Western Powers are themselves adopting the new technique of non-intervention, by which the Finns can be helped without involving those who help them in war with their enemies. For Britain to involve herself in such a war would be, as the *Times* pointed out, to render the best possible service to Hitler. And in strengthening Finnish resistance we should recall that it is not impossible that Stalin may still prefer a compromise to the continuation of a war which brings him neither moral nor military credit. Mr. Vernon Bartlett has recently had the courage and commonsense to point out that mediation in Finland is not yet out of the question. Stalin may have gone too far for compromise, but the attempt to mediate may still be worth making. In any case Sir Walter Citrine was right when he said on his return from Paris the other day that war against Russia would be "very unpopular" in this country. He was precisely correct in adding:

> There were many thousands of people in Great Britain who felt that, despite all the happenings of recent weeks, there was still something in the Russian revolution which was worth preserving; that Stalin had given the revolution an imperialist turn, that he might not always be in power, and that the excellent work of the revolution might be preserved and extended to the advantage of humanity as a whole.

In a word Stalin has few friends left anywhere, but war with the U.S.S.R. would for the first time create a strong anti-war movement in this country.

But the mass of the population is not spending its time thinking about complex questions of high politics. Most people are wondering why Britain must have a black-out so much more intense than that of other countries. They ask why rationing is postponed, imposed and postponed again; why there seems to be no plan in our administration and whether anyone is "doing well" out of the war. In the West of England they are wondering why thousands of pigs should be slaughtered for lack of foodstuffs and why it is possible to get corn for racehorses and hunters, and not for poultry. People wonder uneasily whether Mr. Hore-Belisha's dismissal, left so carefully obscure in the House of Commons, means that we are once again in the hands of the snobs and the intriguers who so often made "the war for democracy" a stock joke among soldiers in the last war. If this is an unjust suspicion, the facts should be explained. They ask too whether our Government really wants a revolution in Germany and is not paralysed by its fear of the submerged forces in Europe. These and many other doubts account for the excessive notice taken of Lord Haw-Haw; he does not weaken anyone's desire to resist Hitler, but he says many things that ought not be left to German propaganda to say.

Two things seem to emerge. The first is that the electoral truce would be better ended. Without an alternative government, democracy dies; if there is no opposition, people will increasingly disbelieve in the existing political parties and look for leadership outside them. To-day there are millions of people outside the official ranks of Labour who know that the approach to the problems both of war and of peace must be a Socialist approach. They need a lead all over the country as well as in Parliament.

Secondly, it is surely clear that there is a great confusion in the current discussions about peace, war aims, "federal union" and so forth. If there is any way of obtaining peace we all want it. But that means a peace which will last for more than six months and which frees us from constant fear of renewed aggression. As for federal union, it may mean all sorts of things, from the already out-of-date fantasy of Clarence Streit to the comparatively moderate proposal to unite Britain and France in a single economic system. So great is the confusion that some people contrive at the same time to call themselves pacifists and to base their hopes of the future on the restoration of Poland and Czechoslovakia as part of a federal system with Germany and France—a state of affairs, which, if feasible at all, could only come after revolution and defeat in Germany. Let us be clear. It is true that federation is the only method of uniting the cultural independence, which nationalism demands, with the economic interdependence which is now an economic necessity. It may be adopted by groups of States on the Atlantic seaboard, in Eastern Europe, or in the Baltic or in the Balkans. It is a matter for study; it may ultimately emerge as the only rational way-out for the disunited states of Europe or of the world. But to advance such a far-reaching solution will not, as some people seem to think, swiftly

bring the European war to an end. There are, we believe, important things to be said to the Germans which may help to end this war before it has destroyed the basis of European society. Presumably there are terms on which Britain and France would be prepared to negotiate with a different Germany. They should be decided in unison between Britain and France and repeated daily to the German people. But they must be joint British and French terms. One of Hitler's main objects is to drive a wedge between Britain and France.

This brings us to our last point. We publish to-day a striking article in which Mr. Crossman discusses the differences of outlook which have so often bedevilled British and French policy during the last twenty years. Mr. Crossman's propositions will seem truisms to some readers and infuriate others. All the more reason why they should be considered and discussed. Whatever the results of this war—even if it ends in unpredictable revolutions in more than one country—the problems of British and French relations with Germany will remain the central problem of Europe. But that is surely a reason, not for being mesmerised by Hitler, but for beginning with the immediately practicable step of arriving at a genuine understanding with France.

BRITISH WAR AIMS AND FRENCH SECURITY

SOME weeks ago a distinguished Frenchman was entertained at Oxford by an equally distinguished English advocate of Federal Union. The Englishman sketched his idea of the new European order and concluded: "The Assembly will of course be elected from the component nations; and the number of representatives will be proportionate to the size of the populations." "But there are 80,000,000 Germans and 40,000,000 Frenchmen," said the visitor, "you mean that Germany should be twice as heavily represented as France?" "Well, isn't that perfectly reasonable?" said his English host.

Both the participants in this dialogue were men of affairs. That each should have horrified the other is the measure of the gulf between the British and the French attitude to foreign policy. The Englishman thought in terms of abstract arithmetical justice and seemed to find all considerations of national security immoral: the Frenchman was mainly interested in the strategic security of France, and felt that the Englishman's reliance on the machinery of international government was either a Utopian fantasy or a Machiavellian scheme for once again using the balance of power against France. He left Oxford in high dudgeon.

It is essential that, before we demand any more precise war aims from our Government or ventilate any further plans of our own, we should tackle this problem of Anglo-French misunderstanding. I use the word "misunderstanding" quite deliberately, because the quarrels and antipathies which have disturbed Anglo-French relations since the end of the last war have been due not to any fundamental differences of principle—for more than most of us realise we are bound together by a common tradition of western civilisation—but to differences of temperament caused largely by the geographical positions and historical development of the two countries. These differences are accentuated by the fact that we are both democracies: for whereas dictators can reach an understanding in total disregard of popular feeling, democratic statesmen are restrained by public feeling, which in the present state of education is inevitably insular in outlook. Both French and British public opinion suffer from this democratic insularity; and to break it down a systematic effort should be made to temper each country's prejudices by an understanding of the other's point of view. Instead, for instance, of abusing the French demand for security as "national chauvinism," we should soberly consider whether we ourselves cannot learn something from it.

The simplest method of beginning this task is to make a list of common English beliefs which offend the French. Here are my suggestions:

1. All our troubles are due to the vindictive character of the Treaty of Versailles.
2. The French demand for strategic security is reactionary.
3. Once the Nazis are turned out, we can and should treat the new government in Germany on terms of complete equality.
4. Unless we set the example of disarmament ourselves, we have no right to compel Germany to disarm.
5. The establishment of a Federal Government in Europe will lay the foundations of permanent peace.

These beliefs are fairly widespread in this country: it is also fairly widely recognised that they are not acceptable to any section of French opinion. Let me consider them one by one.

1. The French consider that the Treaty of Versailles failed not because it was vindictive but because it was halfway between the Carthaginian peace they themselves wanted in the interests of security, and the "just peace" which the Anglo-Saxon world desired. Moreover, not the Treaty but the years subsequent to the Treaty were fatal to European peace. The crucial moment in international affairs was the British retirement from Europe between 1919 and 1923, and our refusal to guarantee French security after the American withdrawal. So the French built a grand security system which fell to pieces when it was tested, while we pinned our faith on peaceful change but refused to collaborate fully in guaranteeing it. Each of us precisely negated both our own and the other's objectives. *Both* peaceful change *and* security fell between the French and British stools.

The true lesson of Versailles, therefore, is two-fold, that justice for Germany is impossible unless Britain guarantees French security; and that French security is unattainable so long as it is made an exclusively French policy.

2. From this follows our criticism of the second English belief. The French search for security will be "reactionary" so long as France has to rely on Continental expedients instead of British co-operation. The French, with justification, regard the Left and the Right in this country as in sentiment isolationist. With a few conspicuous exceptions Conservative statesmen are "insular imperialists," though they do not all say so with the vigour of Lord Beaverbrook. They rely on sea and air power to keep this island safe and are not prepared to take on precise European responsibilities. They only stand by France when war is unavoidable. As for the Left, it is suspect in French eyes for two reasons. In the first place, it seems to believe far too readily in a natural harmony of interest between nations, such that justice can be pursued without any regard for security. For example, it assumes that ethnic self-determination must be permitted even where it cuts across strategic needs, and again that Germany will not menace France, once it is justly treated. And secondly, it believes in the power of morality and public opinion without the backing of force. In brief, whereas the French wanted Collective Security, the British Left seemed content with a Collective Pacifism which fervently supported the Covenant but opposed conscription, although this was the supreme test of Britain's willingness to share the burden of maintaining peace. Seen from a European point of view, collective pacifism is just as isolationist as insular imperialism: and France will be forced into a selfish search for security so long as they are the prevailing moods in this country.

3. Here again France provides a useful antidote to our facile optimism. If it is untrue that the Germans are eternal barbarians, it is equally untrue that there is any sharp line between the Nazis and the German people, or that a liberal democratic regime is likely to succeed that of Herr Hitler. We cannot assume that, after years of Nazi education, a revolution

would turn Germany overnight into a peaceable people. Anyway the younger generation will be difficult to handle; and the French are only reasonable in asking for realistic guarantees against a renewed threat of aggression. It may be argued that to admit this is to remove one of our most valuable propaganda weapons in Germany. If we cannot promise more lenient terms than Versailles, how can we persuade them to give in? But the reply to this is simple: "Do not promise what you know you cannot, with any sense of responsibility to your own peoples, fulfil." Far better to tell the Germans quite frankly that we cannot again give their nationalists perfect freedom to threaten our liberties, than to make sentimental statements of goodwill. To deceive them might possibly shorten the war, but it would certainly produce once again the evils of Versailles which British idealists are so fond of denouncing.

4. With the problem of disarmament we reach the heart of Anglo-French misunderstanding. The British attitude to disarmament is partly the result of an insular security we have long ago ceased to enjoy, and it is influenced by the prejudice against armies of an overwhelming naval power. Moreover, the preference in Britain for plans of disarmament over plans for the international policing of Europe arises from the isolationism we noted above. Here the French have an advantage over us: they know that you cannot defend your own internal civilisation unless you are prepared to back civilisation beyond your frontiers. They feel the international responsibilities of a civilised State better than us. In their eyes the issue of this war is how many of the peoples of Europe are to be battered into shape by Hitler or Stalin and how many will be able to co-operate in reconstructing the social order on the principles of western civilisation; and they know that the second alternative is only possible if France and Britain co-operate in providing the force without which security is impossible. They are prepared to take the initiative in construction as firmly as Hitler has taken it for destruction. But this seems to them impossible so long as Britain thinks of demobilisation as the immediate consequence of victory.

5. The last of our five beliefs needs little elucidation. The French are suspicious of talk of Federal Union which seem to betray the British belief that machinery is a substitute for responsibility. They fear that once again we shall content ourselves with setting up machinery and then pulling out of Europe. They know that for a considerable period the machinery will only work if Britain is prepared to take the lead in working it, and they have still to be convinced that the British Left or the British Right has really changed its spots.

So the French demand for security is really a challenge to this country. "If you are going to pull out once again, it says, and sit moralising on your island, we shall be forced to ignore your protests and knock Germany into a shape from which it will take generations to recover: if, on the other hand, you will recognise your new position as a part of Europe and join with us in defending the smaller peoples, we are perfectly prepared to listen to your concrete proposals for justice to Germany. But do not imagine that you can get out of your responsibilities by telling us that, when the Nazis are turned out, Germany will suddenly become a good neighbour. It may happen: we hope it will happen: but we cannot make peace on the assumption that it will happen. Whether Germany can ever become a good neighbour depends on whether Britain can become a good European in deed as well as in word."

If my argument is correct, it follows that British war aims should be based on the following principles:

i. Our security cannot be jeopardised either in order to persuade the Germans to overthrow the Nazis or by the delusion that 80,000,000 Germans even under a democratic regime would present no problems to France or Britain.

ii. The only basis on which French security and Germany's reasonable rights can be reconciled is that Great Britain should accept its full share of responsibility for the maintenance of law and order in Europe. This responsibility must be not merely moral but expressed in precise plans of co-operation both in military and in economic affairs. The test of Britain's goodwill in this matter is the extent to which she is prepared to permit her man-power and her wealth to be used for the policing of Europe both before and after the Treaty of Peace is signed. This is equally true whether the issue of war is complete victory or stalemate and whatever the area of Europe which can be freed from Nazi domination.

iii. The minimum which we must offer to convince the French that we mean business is that, after the hostilities have ceased, the Allied Supreme Command should be continued in existence together with all the machinery of economic co-operation which has been built up during the war, until such time as they can be taken over by whatever system of international government the Allies and their neutral advisers shall decide to institute for the pacification of Europe.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A LONDON DIARY

I REMEMBER three or four years ago a conversation with a refugee who had been the head of one of the great German wireless stations. He called on me to describe the great experiment he had made in liberal broadcasting, how he and his friends had set to work to educate the German citizens so that they might understand their society, and to tell them about the new experiments that were happening in the world and to encourage them to discuss social problems freely and without prejudice. The forces against them were too great. They were beaten, I gather, before the arrival of Hitler, beaten by big business and the vested interest in popular ignorance. A large part of the public had been very ready to respond. I recalled this conversation when I read Mr. Lambert's *Ariel and All His Quality* (Gollancz, 10*s.* 6*d.*). Published as the inside story of the B.B.C., the book has naturally been treated as news; there are lots of good stories in it about the new Minister of Information and other people. But the thread that runs through the book is serious enough. Mr. Lambert describes the effort that was made at one period, when Hilda Matheson was in charge of talks, to do in England just what my friend from democratic Germany had tried to do. The weakness of the book is that it does not explain why this experiment came to an end. Mr. Lambert tells us that it was followed by a period of excessive caution when no one might say anything to upset or offend anybody, and he notices the arrival of a third period in which the B.B.C. is used for propaganda. Mr. Lambert now lives in Canada; if he had still been intimately associated with the B.B.C. he might in one respect have modified his judgment. In time of war the B.B.C. is, of course, used for propaganda, but to a far less extent than anyone would have expected. It is still like the rest of England precariously liberal, still anxious not to tell lies, though often economical about the truth. It fails, in so far as it does fail, because it is more bureaucratic than the bureaucracy, and too timid and too lacking in direction to set about the task of educating the public—which it alone is in a position to do. What a difference it would make to our lives if in addition to the dry announcements we had intelligent and exciting discussions about social and scientific possibilities, the problems of British organisation, and if all sorts of people were allowed to discuss what they hoped of England and what they looked forward to after the war?

* * *

Some weeks ago I described the position in Coventry, where the Government's decision to erect new factories means an influx of 35,000 people into an already inflated city. Ever since the beginning of the war the Council has been vainly attempting to discover what the Government was going to do about the housing, education and medical services for this new population. And for four months it got no reply, except the veto of the Ministry of Health on all Corporation Housing Schemes. At last on January 5th Walter Elliot consented to

see a deputation and a highly illuminating discussion took place. The Council put its cards on the table. In the war emergency, it must accept the Government's decision, though the sites for the factories had been selected without asking its advice and in violation of its Town-planning Scheme. But was the Government once again going to throw the whole financial burden on the rates, that is, on the poorer section of the community? The Minister replied that many of the workpeople could be billeted, and quoted the Housing Survey of 1935 to prove there were 76,000 vacant rooms. Patiently the councillors explained that the survey figures were of rooms not of bedrooms. Were the new workpeople to sleep in the parlours, kitchens and sculleries of Coventry? And was the Overcrowding Act now liquidated? The Minister replied that it was. If he was right, that is the first that the general public have heard about it. The discussion then passed to education. Mr. Elliot argued that Coventry is an evacuation area and therefore schools should not be built. In fact half of Coventry is evacuable and half neutral, and anyway the Board of Education is pressing on the reopening of schools. So Mr. Elliot took a new line, and, having discovered that Coventry schools were working two shifts, suggested they should work three! When it was explained that schools cannot be run like factories, he suggested the workpeople would be either "young persons" (in spite of military service) or married men who should leave their families behind. The net result of this remarkable conference was that the Minister offered to pay four-fifths of the road costs and to sanction the building of the 1,000 houses planned before the war, though he refused a subsidy and made a proviso that concrete, not timber, must be used for all floors. The Councillors regarded this offer as totally unsatisfactory and there the matter stands.

* * *

Coventry is only one example of a general policy, which applies to Glasgow, for instance, with equal force. Cities are being compelled to accept vast increases of population—with the prospect of an intensified post-war slump—and to foot the whole bill. It is the old dodge of pushing on to the rates the costs of the war; the local authorities may be so crippled with debt that, when the war is over, there will be no money for social services. Here is the annual charge on the rates which the Government ask the workpeople of Coventry to pay if they are to make life tolerable for the new population:

Education	£46,000
Police	9,000
Public Health	10,000
Street scavenging	1,750
House refuse	3,750
Sewage disposal	5,000
Roads	13,000
Other services	2,000
	£90,500

This does not include capital outlay on Housing of £2,725,000 and on Corporation Transport of £158,000. Houses provide rent and transport is a trading service which makes profits, but will there be profits in post-war Coventry and does the estimated increased rate-revenue of £43,000 represent more than a temporary asset to Coventry? I fancy that Coventry may become a test-case, unless the Government gives it special terms in order to prevent other less vigorous cities from putting in similar claims.

* * *

If we really want to economise on sugar, it is difficult to understand why the Government has permitted the pre-war price of saccharine to be jumped up to 11½*d.* and even 1*s.* 8*d.* a hundred. Saccharine is just 550 times as sweet as sugar and used to be far cheaper. A genuine war-saving would be to abolish lump sugar and to serve only saccharine in restaurants for use with tea and coffee. But the problem is not merely one of profiteering. The duty on saccharine has been tied up with that on sugar, presumably to ensure that the sugar-refiners were not faced with a dangerous competitor. The duty is now over £4 a pound while the price of saccharine is £5 3*s.* A prohibitive duty of this kind is justified in peacetime by the usual protectionist arguments. What argument can be advanced by anyone except a sugar-refiner, for maintaining it in war when we want not to keep up sugar prices but to reduce consumption and the pressure on shipping.

* * *

A friend tells me that in Norway there is plenty of butter waiting to be bought by us, plenty of Norwegian shipping waiting to bring it to this country and plenty of cold storage space in this country waiting to receive it. I have no explanation whatsoever of these facts, unless there are interests here which prefer to keep prices high and turnover small.

* * *

Is this the twentieth or the eighteenth century? The following news item is taken from Monday's *News Chronicle*.

> The French authorities will not allow hunting folk in Britain to send packs of hounds for the benefit of fox-hunters and beaglers in the B.E.F.
>
> "The Ministry of the Interior are flatly turning down all applications from officers and men in France who wish to continue the sport over there as a means of exercise and training," a former M.F.H. said yesterday. "It seems unlikely that we shall be able to send any hounds across the Channel after all."
>
> A British officer writing from France in this week's *Horse and Hound* states that he has been refused permission to hunt over certain areas. He asked why.
>
> "The first reply received," he writes, "was that the French, unlike the English, treated the war in a more serious manner, as it was their country at stake . . . it was pointed out to me that the French were determined to put all their efforts into winning the war. Therefore, shooting was prohibited, so that there should be no waste of gunpowder and shot."

This is a wry kind of joke. Or is it really funny that these silly people should be in a position to make a mockery of Britain?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. H. Tayler.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

This peaceful English "Conversation piece" breathes the spirit of all that we are fighting to preserve. It was taken in the drawing-room of Weston Hall, Towcester, Northants, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, who are seated on the right. Lady Bridget Parsons is just visible on the sofa, and the Duchess of Westminster is busy with her petit-point in a chair by the fire. A fine Lely portrait of a Sitwell ancestor hangs above the mantelpiece.—The *Sketch*.

You can always judge the prosperity of a city or country by the number of its millionaires. The more millionaires, the more prosperity.—Charles Graves in the *Daily Mail*.

To my mind the Prime Minister was most frank with the House.—Sir Henry Morris-Jones in the House of Commons.

Sir,—I was surprised to read in the *Daily Sketch* a suggestion that we should resort to deceiving the enemy as regards our weather at home. Would not that be to lower our standard to that of the enemy?—Lover of Truth. Letter in the *Daily Sketch*.

"When victory comes our task, in my view, will be only just beginning, and the continuance of such old institutions as fox-hunting will go a long way towards building up the hopes we all have for a new and better world."—Lord Cromwell in *Rugby Advertiser*.

One of the items arranged to entertain guests at a party held recently by the National Sun and Air Association was an exhibition of conjuring in the nude.

London Life tells how Mr. Tony Alexander, the magician, did all the time-honoured tricks, producing cards and handkerchiefs from thin air, thereby winning a bet of five pounds, as other magicians had declared it would be impossible for him to do all his tricks in the nude.—*Sun Bathing Review*.

THE UNITED STATES AND FINLAND

[FROM AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT]

Two things have become clear about the United States as a result of the invasion of Finland: First; from now until the presidential election next November, American opinion on the war will be conditioned by the fact that Europe is being made a football of party politics. Second; as a nation of 130 million propaganda-conscious individuals busily engaged in telling each other how to keep out of the last war, we have shown that we are still immensely susceptible to propaganda without being in the least aware of it.

Our immediate reaction to the Soviet invasion was based on a special sympathy for Finland as the debt-paying country, as a "little" country, as an outpost of "democracy" and on dislike and fear of Russia. But this reaction has since been worked up far beyond what was natural and spontaneous by special groups for special reasons. As a result, the United States, whose desire to "keep out" is as nearly unanimous a sentiment as it has achieved, finds itself nearing that state of emotional excitement which all our viewers-with-alarm have been begging us to avoid lest we be "dragged in."

The spectacle resembles an Indian war dance in which the country's leaders circle the Finnish battlefield, whooping and brandishing their tomahawks. The fact that both Administration and anti-Administration figures are in the dance does not mean that the issue is non-partisan. On the contrary, the Administration is whooping it up for Finland and figuratively tomahawking the Russians in order to counteract the "Red" label which its opponents are trying to pin on the New Deal. The anti-Administration forces are doing the same thing in order to blanket the country in a Red Scare under which the New Deal will be smothered out of existence—they hope.

On December 11th Congressman J. Parnell Thomas, a member of the Dies Committee (Congressional Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities) which is valiantly trying to prove that the New Deal's heart belongs to Moscow, let the cat out of the bag. "The greatest issue of the next political campaign," he said, "will be the New Deal's flirtation with Communism." That is why Mr. Hoover has burst into almost posthumous prominence as head of the Finnish Relief Fund. That is why Mr. Dies thinks the time is ripe to get away with such a travesty as inviting Trotsky, who is now in Mexico and hasn't been allowed inside this country for 30 years, to testify on "un-American" activities! That is why Senator Vandenberg, a leading candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, resoundingly demanded the rupture of diplomatic relations with Russia, not forgetting to emphasise that it was Roosevelt who personally negotiated American recognition of the U.S.S.R. in 1933.

But the President, who, one should never forget, is as apt at the game of politics as anyone in the country, got in a week ahead of Vandenberg. Two days before Russia invaded Finland Senator Pittman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the Administration's foreign affairs pilot in Congress, "foresaw" the possibility of breaking off relations and next day he "hinted" that Congress might take action. On the day of the invasion Senator King, Pittman's second-in-command, expressed the hope that "my country would no longer grasp the bloody hands of Stalin." The President, of course, could not make the suggestion himself, but getting his lieutenants to do it for him was the next best thing. He followed it up by allowing it to be known that he and Secretary Hull were conferring on the possibility of a diplomatic break with Russia. Two days after the invasion he declared a moral embargo on the sale of arms to Russia and a week later the Government's Export-Import Bank granted a $10,000,000 credit to Finland. (As a matter of comparison, one recalls that the moral embargo on Japan was not declared until a year after her current invasion of China and an Export-Import credit to China not granted until half a year after that.) Thus Mr. Roosevelt very neatly went as far as he safely could to take the sting out of the charge of sympathy for Moscow which he knew was coming.

Frankly political, though perfectly justified, was the President's grouping of the publicity director of the Republican National Committee, the Hearst press and certain "politically-minded persons" along with the Nazis and Soviets as critics of his foreign policy. With their usual adroitness the Republicans displayed such choler at this remark that its significance became doubly impressed upon the public.

The *Herald-Tribune*, a Republican standard-bearer, complains that Mr. Roosevelt is trying to hitch the war to the New Deal bandwaggon. No more discoloured pot ever called a kettle black. For President Roosevelt has subsided on the subject of Finland as suddenly as he began, but ex-President Hoover has leapt into the breach. As chairman of the Finnish Relief Fund, for which he invited the co-operation of press and radio, he has been making the headlines daily. So spectacular has been his publicity that many are wondering whether the primary object of the Fund is to get relief into Finland or to get Mr. Hoover back into the White House. A widely syndicated Republican columnist writes that anyone who would sneer at Mr. Hoover's humanitarian efforts is sub-human. If to impute ulterior motives is to sneer, this correspondent will take that risk—and not alone. On December 14th the White House revealed that last summer Mr. Hoover was asked by Mr. Roosevelt through the Red Cross to organise relief for victims of the coming European hostilities and that he refused. Now Mr. Hoover, on his own, suddenly espouses Finnish relief and does it definitely not under the aegis of the Red Cross whose president is, of course, Mr. Roosevelt. The White House statement, which was issued, incidentally, by Roosevelt's personal secretary, implies that Mr. Hoover found a reason of his own to open a relief campaign. Clearly Washington takes seriously the belief that Hoover wants to run again.

Certainly Mr. Hoover's shock at the invasion of a small country seems a little sudden. The day Helsinki was bombed he proclaimed that civilisation had reached a "new low" and that Russia had carried us "back to the morals and butchery of Ghengis Khan." It is odd that when Spain and China were bombed for three years civilisation apparently didn't budge, or that the ghost of Ghengis Khan (who, incidentally, is also Col. Lindbergh's favourite bad character) did not rise when the *Blitzkrieg* was visited upon Poland.

But Mr. Hoover is not the only one who is using Finland for his own purposes. Republicans of many varieties, Texas politicians, Chambers of Commerce, banks, even café society (New York's Mayfair), whose hearts never bled for anyone before, are now bleeding for Finland. Anyone whose interest it serves to cry the Moscow Menace is joining in. Matthew Woll, vice-president of the A.F. of L., which is carrying on its private war with the C.I.O., crusades for the rupture of relations with Russia. It is not on record that the A.F. of L. ever asked for the lifting of the embargo on Spain. Churches which never blinked, when Albanian ports were shelled by Italian warships on Good Friday last, organise a Finland Day. Three out of the first four state governors who responded to Mr. Hoover's appeal to set aside a Finland Day are Republicans. Upper Fifth Avenue's most perfumed shops join to take a huge "Let's Help Finland" advertisement in the *Times*. It is not the fact of aggression but the identity of the aggressor which exercises these groups and their kind.

"The situation is a pushover for reaction," writes Howard Vincent O'Brien, the well-known *Chicago Daily News* columnist. "The signs multiply fast. Here and there, over the country, there has been anti-labour agitation. Now, I think there will be more of it! It will be only too easy to call a labour leader a 'Red' and thus finish him. On the wave of honest indignation at the rape of Finland countless scallywags will ride into office, screaming their determination to rid this land of its assorted menaces. Under the classification of 'menace' will come everyone who ventures to lift his voice against crooked politics, economic maladjustment or the venalities of business."

No one can quarrel with sending relief to the Finns nor with

the designation of Russia as an aggressor, whatever her motives, as brutal and lawless as her recent predecessors. But the genuine fellow feeling for Finland is being deliberately exploited to condition us to the idea that Moscow is our enemy, the enemy of "free American institutions." Obviously once Americans are conditioned to regard a particular nation as their particular enemy, their so-called isolationism is knocked out from under. They are not aware of this yet. They are so busy looking for propaganda about Belgian babies and Lusitanias that this new propaganda for a new war is not noticed. People who venture to suggest that a German victory over the Allies would threaten "free American institutions" are still called British propagandists and/or warmongers. But no one calls the propagandists of the Moscow menace warmongers.

Russia is not yet involved in the larger European war, but if the Allies ever take her on as an enemy, the United States will be that much nearer another A.E.F. The original A.E.F., it may be remembered, was recruited for France but found itself fighting, at the end, up near the Arctic Circle at a place called Archangel.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

New York, December 19th.

THE DON'T-KNOWS

THERE is apparently no question which you can put to a number of ordinary men and women without being sure to find a fair percentage of them answering that they do not know or that they have no opinion. Last week, Mr. Tom Harrisson told how Mass Observers, wishing to discover what the public thinks of rationing, asked all sorts of people, "What do you think of the Government rationing scheme?" and how from 13 to 18 per cent. of those who were questioned, replied: "Don't know." People under 30 were apparently less agnostic than people over 30, and women less agnostic than men. There were 18 per cent. of middle-aged men who were unable to make up their minds as to what they thought even about so vital a matter as the distribution of their butter, bacon and sugar.

Is it timidity, I wonder, that makes so many men incapable of expressing an opinion? Or is it that they get muddled by reading both sides of the question in the newspapers? Even if there were no newspapers, it seems to me there are hundreds (probably thousands) of men so cautious that they would hesitate to give a direct answer even if you asked them at what hour they usually breakfasted. They suspect a sinister motive behind every question, put themselves on the defensive, and feel that they are scoring a triumph if they baffle their questioner. There are other people who, as soon as a question is put to them, begin to vacillate. Ask them whether they will have coffee or tea for breakfast and their brains begin to reel: looking infinitely foolish, they affirm that they don't mind which—another way of saying that they don't know. What is so exasperating about people of this kind is that, almost certainly, they do know. Every sane human being knows whether he prefers tea or coffee at breakfast. An ascetic might be indifferent, but he would probably take neither.

There are enough questions to which most of us do not know the answers without any need to multiply them. More and more people nowadays answer "Don't know" to the question how life originated on the planet. The older the world grows, indeed, the greater grows the number of those who frankly confess that they do not know the answers to questions which their grandfathers regarded as the most important of all questions and which they answered positively and with confidence. If Mass-Observation had been in existence in the Victorian age, there would, it is certain, have been many fewer "Don't know" answers to the question of individual immortality than there would be to-day. The more we know, it seems, the more we don't know. And this, unfortunately, does not mean that we are all rapidly becoming Socrateses.

We live in an age of bewilderment, indeed. There are plenty of dogmatists about, not only in religious matters, but in the sphere of politics, psychology and the arts; but in regard to all these things the proportion of people who do not know seems to-day to be exceptionally large. In politics the happy era in which every man knew for certain whether he was a Conservative or a Liberal are gone. Mr. Chamberlain, I fancy, owes his position at the present moment less to a passionate belief in his statesmanlike qualities than to a general feeling of uncertainty whether anybody else could do better. Probably, it is the spread of the "don't know" attitude even among the rank-and-file of political parties that accounts partly for the enthusiasm with which some of the serious-minded young enter the Communist movement. They, at least, are determined to know, and, having embraced their creed, are confident that they do know. They know even that the present war is an Imperialist war on both sides, and that Stalin is helping the workers of the world to unite by bombing the workers of Helsinki. The workers of Helsinki apparently know otherwise. They, too, are free from the modern vice of bewilderment.

The truth is, however, that for most of us change in the present century has been so rapid and so overwhelming that we have found it difficult at times to tell whether we are heading for universal happiness or rushing to general perdition. Ethical ideas have been turned topsy-turvy, and a large percentage of people, if asked whether they believed that the change was for the better, would find themselves helplessly answering: "Don't know." The arts have undergone a change equally revolutionary, and those who were brought up on Tennyson are bewildered when they hear men with as good brains as themselves lauding Mr. Auden's verse as poetry. Much of it they cannot understand; and, unless they are dogmatists, they conclude that a new generation may have new perceptions and new responses to the use of language in which the elderly lack training. If Mass-Observation set to work on the question: "Is Mr. Auden a good poet?" thousands of them, I have no doubt, would answer: "Don't know."

This may seem to some people a poltroonish and Laodicean answer. On the other hand, when you reflect on the revolutionary changes that have swept through all the arts—music and painting as well as literature—and on the fact that some of the ablest critical minds of our generation have welcomed these changes as epoch-making, you must admit that a man would have to be unusually certain of the infallibility of his judgment to dismiss half the acclaimed masterpieces of modern times as the rubbish he sometimes thinks they are. It is reasonable to believe that if so many other people see something in them there must be something in them. The only alternative is to believe that the world has gone music-deaf and colour-blind or that it has been carried off its feet by a fraudulent conspiracy between critics and artists. My own feeling is that we are living at a time in which we see soil being broken rather than crops being harvested. But whether the music of Hindemith or the more sensational sculptures of Mr. Epstein have any enduring quality I simply do not know.

I am one of Nature's "Don't Knows," however—a kind of all-round ignoramus. I can give a positive answer to a few questions such as whether I like calves' brains or not, whether I enjoy frost and fog in the black-out, who I think is the best living poet, and where I should like to live if I had a pension. But these are merely personal matters. It is of the external world that I remain profoundly ignorant, from the flowers in the garden to the inventions of modern science. If someone, going round the garden, asks me what such-and-such a flower is, I am bogged when I come to such plants as godetia and montbretia. I have been told again and again the name of this and that rose, but I cannot remember them a week. I know the weeds, indeed, better than the cultivated flowers, and, perhaps for that reason, like them better. But for the most part the world is, so far as I am concerned, filled with anonymous things. The very stars that I have been looking

at since my infancy are nameless after I have reached the Pleiades. And most of those that I could name, like Castor and Pollux, I could not point out to an inquiring schoolchild. If he asked me how many planets there are I should have to answer, " Don't know."

As for modern inventions, I do not know what is the function of the crankshaft in my motor car or what kind of thing a kilowatt is that is so frequently mentioned in the wireless programme. It is not that I am indifferent to knowledge but that there are kinds of knowledge that I am incapable of absorbing. I can read with the keenest interest a paper on science, but I cannot remember the things I have read. If I were set even a simple general knowledge paper I do not like to think how many of the questions would have to go unanswered.

Ignorance in the realm of knowledge, however, is to my mind no excuse for agnosticism in the realm of opinion. A man ought to know whether he is in favour of rationing or not, and, if he says that he does not know, I suspect him of being either too lazy to give a straight answer or too timid to admit that he grudges other people their fair share of butter. It would be interesting to learn, from Mass-Observation or the British Institute of Public Opinion whether it is always the same people who answer " Don't know " or " No opinion " to the various questions put. Probably, however, a new section of the public is approached with every new question. At the same time, I suspect that there is a solid minority of confirmed " Don't knows " who would answer " Don't know " to any question from " Do you regard Hitler as a menace to Europe? " to " Is life worth living? " If it had been to one of them that the mythical lawyer put the question: " Have you left off beating your wife? Answer me ' yes ' or ' no ' " it is almost certain that the answer would have been " Don't know." It is a lacklustre habit of mind that makes for dullness. Better, one sometimes thinks, to have strong opinions even if they are wrong opinions. Especially about things like butter, bacon and sugar. In regard to such matters a man must know one way or the other. I suspect that everybody does, but that about 15 per cent. of people cannot deny themselves the luxury of refusing to give a straight answer. Y. Y.

Miscellany

THE FOOTPAD

PROFESSOR Bee's gentleness was a legend throughout the colleges of London University. So was his industry. This charming elderly bachelor lived for his work, and his work only. He lived as near it as possible, in Torrington Square. He was thus also near the British Museum Reading Room. Year after year he passed his life in this sweet triangle, all unknowingly adding to his reputation both as scholar and secular saint. There were innumerable stories about him. He had been seen on wet days preceding a group of his young lady students, carrying twelve dripping umbrellas, and peering anxiously through his goggle lenses for a place to deposit them so that no dog should be blamed. He had been known to interrupt a discourse on Sanscrit roots, so that he could coax a money-spider on to a piece of blotting paper, in order to carry it with a minimum of jolting to the open window and the sunshine.

But there came the day when the window had to be closed. Or rather the night. London was suffering from the Black-out. The University was dispersed along with the younger children. The traffic thinned out to a pleasant trickle. Mushroom Ministries sprang up in the deserted buildings of the University. The Museum went blind, and the surrounding squares, including Torrington Square, became as dark and perilous as was Ham Common in the eighteenth century.

But still Professor Bee remained within his triangle. He was fully aware that we were at war, because he could no longer work in the Reading Room, and also his students had disappeared. Further, he had to grope his way between his college and his rooms, tangling himself up between his haversack of books and his umbrella. This latter was now more inseparable from him than ever. It could be heard guiding him across the road, and tapping him along the railings, night after night as he returned from work.

But it was different work. The Government had discovered something more immediate for him to do. He was found to be an expert on all forms of code writing. So he remained in his own quarters in College, working late into the night on jobs that would have made a thriller-writer gluttonous.

He was greatly disturbed about his new occupation. He could not quite convince himself that it was altogether pacific. Might not his labours result in considerable inconvenience to individuals toward whom he felt no malice? He was assured, of course, that Hitler was misguided. Göring he could not in the least understand. The Marshal's baton which had appeared in every photograph! Really! And as for Goebbels, and the rest of the entourage which professed more academic origins; well, Professor Bee felt as though the world of scholarship, with all its dispassionate detachment, was being seriously jeopardised. He *knew*, though he had no precedent for this experience, that his blood was roused. Such an animal and primitive reaction alarmed him. He began to suspect himself of dubious motives, and was on the lookout for indications of actions which could be traced to self-interest. The world was in such a state that he must watch himself resolutely. He did not like this competitive spirit. It seemed to be driving the world to acts of violence, and considerable unfairness.

Misgivings are always exaggerated when we are tired. Not only our *actual* sins, but also our potential ones, loom large before us during moments of exhaustion. One moonless night Professor Bee was tapping his way along the hoardings in that bleak wilderness behind the new University buildings. He knew his ultimate way by habit. But the immediate steps were a speculation. He seemed to be walking against a blanket. He could imagine that he heard it; the impact of it on the toes of his shoes and his trouser knees. He kept his head averted in case it should smear his spectacles. He prodded it with his umbrella ferrule.

He was mentally and physically exhausted. This new job which had been foisted upon him by amused but courteous Government officials—very pleasant but rather *urgent* people—occupied his gentle mind for over twelve hours a day. He found himself becoming quite irritable. Just now he had stumbled over a sandbag which somebody had omitted to whitewash, and he had exclaimed quite savagely. This gesture of irrational anger alarmed him. Time, place, personality, sequence of ideas; where were these recognisable elements in his life? Why, he had not once during the past day looked at a clock. It was all very disorderly. What might it not lead to? He began to lament; a thing he had never done before in his life. Why had he been born into such an age? He pictured himself in ancient Rome or Alexandria, in the days of their twilight. Was such another age of lawlessness coming upon us?

As he posed this question to himself he was conscious of footsteps approaching; a quick shuffle-shuffle, and the flat of a hand padding against the hoarding. He could see nothing, but he realised that the person was bearing down upon him. He tried to step aside, but the assailant was too quick. A man, with head bent, no doubt to disguise his identity, butted into him. He felt a hand grab at his middle.—The figure growled, startled and savage, hid his head still more, threw up a threatening hand, and was shuffling on.

Professor Bee was stunned. But only for a second. He suddenly became suspicious. He felt for his watch, the ancient half-hunter which he had carried for forty years. It was not there. Then the long suspected thing happened. He was seized by rage. His blood surged up. Weird, desperate sensations shook his limbs, his internal organs. The darkness

was stabbed by streaks of red that flashed about inside his spectacles. He grasped his umbrella, turned, and ran back. Yes, *ran!* He overtook the shuffling footpad, and hooked him by the arm with the handle of his new-found weapon. He believed that he shouted. He heard a voice almost like his own, but horribly distorted by passion. "Give me that watch!" it screamed.

He was overcome with shame. Remorse shook him, and he trembled. He tried to unhook his umbrella, but the footpad struggled also, and Professor Bee was aware of a frock-coat—what a likely disguise—being flung open, no doubt with the intention of hooding him. He was about to strike out in self-defence, when he heard a cry of dismay. The footpad had thought better of it, and fled, leaving his booty behind in Professor Bee's hand.

For some minutes the Professor stood there, recovering his breath, and trying also to recover his world; the world that he knew, with its quiet reasonableness, its research, its exposition. He told himself that he was justified. If he had not acted, his property would now be in the hands of a desperate scoundrel, a primitive person such as those notorious adventurers on the Continent whose depredations of a similar nature were threatening to drag the civilisation of Europe down into a new Dark Age.

Justifying himself thus, he continued on his way home He was no longer ashamed of himself. His new duties now appeared to have a dramatic quality, a touch of heroism about them. After all, he thought, and squared his shoulders, and prodded vigorously with his umbrella, there are times in a man's life, as in the history of a nation, when resolute action is necessary. A soldier has his place in society.

He reached his door in Torrington Square, having punctuated his military excitement of thought by counting the entrances of the houses. Once or twice he almost chuckled with satisfaction as he thought of the discomfiture of that violent scoundrel who had failed to take advantage of him. The scholar is not so passive! The brigand shall not have it all his own way!

It was a different Professor Bee who climbed the stairs, with the watch clasped resolutely in his hand, and opened the door of his study. How quiet, how familiar it was there. His new self was confronted by his old self. Which was the true one?

As he switched on the light, he felt a little twinge of misgiving. He thought he had stepped into a new life, with a more up-to-date moral and social code. But there was his table, with its litter of papers and books. He had been trying to carry on late the previous night with a bit of research. Some notes lay there now. And to keep them from blowing about the room, there lay on top of them—his half-hunter watch!

RICHARD CHURCH

THE CAMPAIGN

THE snow falls silently through the unnatural forest,
Falls silently over the frozen brow and frozen hand.
They are terribly sleepy. But still their hard wet bodies
Move on and on and on over the frozen land.

They do not hear the rustle of certain forgotten moments,
The lamplight falling through the rain on the pear-tree and the pears,
The bells on a Sunday morning, and the sweet, solemn faces,
The sudden joy on a girl's face as she leans over the stairs:

They do not quite recall, for even then they did not notice,
That something precious had gone away, had quietly gone away;
The hand had grown unsteady, and love had lost its pleasure,
And the low call of beasts disturbed the calm summer's day.

They cannot possibly hear the ruddy approach of evening,
Or the horses and the naked horsemen approaching the stream.
Snow falls, and they cannot hear the tinkling teacup
Take on the oracular magnitude and anguish of a dream.

They pause. And now they fall asleep. A strange new power
Governs their lives, redistributing the happiness and the pain,
And the nameless longings which gave their lives a secret pattern.
Their destinies flow on and on over the frozen plain

Like waves over the sea. They sought, in this career of killing,
Escape from the hushed and paralysed career of the plants.
Snow falls, and the leaning bayonets are glimmering
In the firelight. They sleep. None hear the soft advance

Through the treacherous mask of the birches: the polar twilight
Has washed away the necessity for belief or disbelief.
These soldiers do not hear, winding stealthily through the forest,
The savage and inconceivable footfalls of their grief.

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"As You Are," at the Aldwych

As You Are has all the right ingredients. There is a little man with a northern accent who quarrels with his wife about her make-up, a nagging mother-in-law, a fussy old capitalist and his Wodehousean son, two removal men in the O'Casey tradition, and a great deal of female underclothing. The plot is highly complicated, and the best moments (a discussion on the mating habits of fantail pigeons; the tempestuous appearance of a new-style dress-designer in the offices of an old-style combination manufacturers) have nothing whatever to do with it. It is the sort of play in which a competent cast cannot help being brilliant, and Mr. Edward Chapman's harried hero, Miss Diana Churchill's flighty wife, Mr. O. B. Clarence's capitalist, Mr. Richard Littledale's dress-designer, and Miss Joan Hickson's efficient secretary deserve equal praise for equal excellence. Mr. Moreland Graham, as the pigeon fancier, has a part a little more original than the others, and succeeds in being thoroughly delightful in it. In spite of its characters and theme, *As You Are* remains light comedy without declining into farce. It is probably the best fun now to be found in the West End.

"The Old Maid," at the Warner Theatre
"Babes in Arms," at the Empire

Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel *The Old Maid* has arrived, via Zoe Atkins's stage version, at the cinema, shedding on the way both atmosphere and point. Mrs. Wharton's story is a subtle study of modes, conventions, and unconscious revenge in nineteenth century America: the film version is a much becostumed vehicle carrying Bette Davis in the front seat, and Miriam Hopkins in the back. It is apparent, from the moment the film opens, that we are in for Acting; Miss Hopkins swoops and postures in her crinoline wedding dress, pausing to stare significantly into the camera lens; Miss Davis glides swiftly, girlishly into the room, a demure but wayward Miss. A telegram arrives, it is from Miss Hopkins's old suitor, the man she really loves, vanished some two years (how could he be so inconsiderate as to turn up too late on the day of her wedding to one of *the* Ralstons?). But why is Miss Davis looking so peculiar? Can it be that she loves him too? Despite Miss Hopkins's warning "you know what Clem Spender is—he may be *drunk*," down to the station she goes to meet the rake, and who should he be but demure George Brent, most oddly cast as a literary prototype of Rhett Butler. He stays only long enough to make her an unmarried mother, and then goes off to fight, and to die, in the American Civil War. It is from this point that the novel, and presumably the play, really develops. The two sisters are forced by circumstances to live together, the married woman taking her revenge for her sister's affair with the man she loved by winning away the affection of his child. The gradual distortion and embitterment of the unmarried sister because she is unable to admit her relationship to the child is a fascinating and realistic study; but only a fraction of this has been developed in the film. The fault partly lies in Miss Hopkins's interpretation of the married sister, far too indefinite and too sweet to make her appear capable of any type of revenge, conscious or unconscious. Miss Davis's performance is mainly a *tour de force* of make-up (though this suggests more than anything a Nanny with kidney trouble) and voice control; heavy lidded, tight-lipped

and crotchety, she cannot quite disguise her nervous vital personality, which one would so much prefer to see.

Mickey Rooney is far too genuinely talented to have to be exploited as he is in *Babes in Arms*. His accomplishments are presented like a series of conjurer's tricks; he dances, sings, mimics, plays the piano, and runs the whole gamut of emotion from A to just about Miss Dorothy Parker's B. There are some good ideas in this adaptation of the Broadway musical comedy hit, best of all the baby star who is rapidly outgrowing her charms and is trying to stage a come-back. Mickey Rooney proves himself practically the world's best mimic with his imitations of Clark Gable and Lionel Barrymore, and no one could help liking Judy Garland, but the pace is altogether a little too fast, and gaiety need not be quite so feverish to be infectious.

David Jones, at the Redfern Gallery

In China some of the greatest poets were also the greatest painters. In England only two important painters have at the same time been great poets; and one was not English. Strangely enough David Jones, who is equally distinguished as a prose-poet and as a painter-engraver has, like Rossetti, his share of Italian blood. This exhibition of water-colours covers the period from 1925 (the date of Pen-y-Maes, No. 19) to 1933, but most of the pictures date from 1929-1933, the period dating which the artist, already known for his illustrations to *The Deluge* and *The Ancient Mariner* and some separate engravings, such as "The Bride" (reproduced in Basil Gray's *The English Print*) gradually developed the pure water-colour technique employed in such astonishing masterpieces (I hope the word will be allowed to stand) as "The Violin" (No. 11) and "The Park." David Jones is not an artist who comes easily by his means of expression. For years on end he wrestled with copper and wood, possessing at the start very little technical facility. The early water-colours (for example No. 8 "Bay with Cliffs") are little more than tinted drawings. In fact, in days when precocious *bravura* so easily leads to notoriety, he has recaptured the quiet tempo of normal artistic growth. The twenty-three pictures in this exhibition represent roughly all the water-colours by him that are now disponible; for he has painted very little in the last few years, though at the present moment he is both painting and writing. Mr. Jones in these water-colours portrays an almost uninhabited world. There is in the whole exhibition only one human figure (a fisherman of somewhat Willow Pattern style standing up intrepidly in a small boat several sizes too small for him). A few stiff sheep and cattle are adumbrated, somewhat as though a child at the painter's elbow had pleaded irresistibly for their inclusion. It is flowers, fruit, trees and domestic objects that have called forth the astonishingly ripe works of 1932, which it should be said must be looked at from rather close. The violin (central theme of No. 11) loses even its ghostly modicum of structure a few yards away. Indeed, there is in almost all the later pictures an etherealised quality, to be measured by a glance into the next room, where the fine Rouaults seem, in contrast to Mr. Jones's pictures, to blare like a military band, shamelessly drowning the rarefied music of a clavichord.

Henry Cornell and Fifteen Women Painters at the Leicester Galleries

Mr. Cornell is a member of the proletariat who began to make pictures five years ago at the age of fifty-one. His natural gift for painting is unquestionable, and his vision is wonderfully untainted by the "popular" style that prevails on hoardings and in the magazines. He paints landscapes, often with horses and figures, from memory; his colour is pleasing, his design coherent. He is happiest in his treatment of water, as in *Gathering Water-Cress*. Naivety adds a rather irrelevant charm to his work, but a little picture called *Gypsy Encampment* might be the work of one of our most sophisticated artists, and proves how genuinely painterly Mr. Cornell is. To compare him with a genius like Rousseau would be ridiculous, but he holds his own well with the living "Sunday painters" known to us.

In the next room, devoted to Fifteen Women Painters, one is struck by an extreme professionalism—more conspicuous, perhaps, than it would be in a similar show of men. Women, when they do enter a profession, usually show themselves to be very thorough and painstaking. Miss Ethel Walker's *Roses Against the Sea* reminds one of a great pianist, combining extreme virtuosity with extreme sensibility. This is one of Miss Walker's best pictures, and ought to go to a museum. Vanessa Bell's *Pheasant* is sturdier but no less refined: the grave harmony of the warm curtain with the cool background makes a happily planned contrast with the effulgent plumage. Leila Faithfull's *In the Park* is the third picture we would single out for particular applause. It has been carried to just the right point, the handling is very sensitive, and the *chose vue* remains in the memory. Frances Hodgkins (*The Green Urn*), Beatrice Bland (*Azaleas and Bird*), Winifred Nicholson, Mary Potter and Florence Engelbach all show excellent work. Dame Laura Knight provides a picture that reminds one, in subject if not in drawing, of Degas, and Miss Suzanne Eisendieck's *On the River* could not be bettered for the cover of a fashion-magazine.

Elizabeth Watson, at the Calmann Gallery

The claim of Elizabeth Watson to be one of the fifteen women painters whose works are shewing at the Leicester Galleries is strong. This one-woman show of hers at the Calmann Gallery (42 St. James's Place) is her first; and it is encouraging. She has a sense of colour, which is rare, and a sense of design which is a good deal rarer. She has what Cézanne would have called her *petite sensation;* her difficulty, to continue in the vocabulary of Cézanne, is to make of it something solid and enduring. In other words, her art is still sketchy. As, obviously, she is sincere and resolute, one may be sure she will strive to push it further. A change of technique might be a means to that end. The palette-knife, always a tricky instrument when used as a means of expression, is perhaps never very well suited to a lady's hand. Were Miss Watson to work freely in small brush-strokes it is certain that the texture of her pictures would become richer, and very probably out of that enrichment would grow a more complete rendering of her subtler experiences and more profound emotions. For, that she can feel and perceive deeply, is made clear by pictures in this exhibition—notably by the portraits (Nos. 2 and 7). Here we are shown enough to justify us in saluting a fresh and sympathetic temperament, and of strength and honesty enough to justify us in looking forward to something more.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, January 20th—
- Andrew Campbell: "Economics of Federal Union," Economic Reform Club, 2.30.
- Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queens Hall, 2.30.
- The Pirani Trio, with Cecil Cope, singer. Morley College, 3.
- D. N. Pritt: "Colonies and the U.S.S.R.," Conway Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, January 21st—
- C. E. M. Joad: "Prospects of our Civilisation," Conway Hall, 11.
- Recital by Moiseiwitsch, Palladium, 2.45.
- Socialist Party of Great Britain Rally, Conway Hall, 6.30.

MONDAY, January 22nd—
- Kingsley Martin: "The Technique of Propaganda," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
- Recital of Poetry by L. A. G. Strong, Central Hall, 1.15.
- V. K. Krishna Menon: "India and the War," University Labour Club, 7.
- Dr. Luetkens: "How Soon Will Germany's Economic Structure Crack?" National Trade Union Club, 7.45.

TUESDAY, January 23rd—
- Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery: "The Strategy of the War," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
- J. C. Wigham: "Disarmament and a New Order in Europe". Friends House, 1.20.
- Dr. H. Mannheim: "The Modern Prison and Borstal System," I.S.T.D., 8 Portman Street, W.1, 6.30.
- "Believe It or Not," New.

WEDNESDAY, January 24th—
- Federal Union Lunch, Old Cock, Fleet Street, 1. Speaker: C. E. M. Joad.

THURSDAY, January 25th—
- Sir Wm. Beveridge: "Peace by Federation," Royal Empire Soc., 2,
- Mrs. Spring-Rice: "The Health of Working Women and Its Significance in Wartime," Linnean Soc., Burlington House, 3.
- Rt. Hon. H. B. Lees-Smith: "The War—a Weekly Survey," Canterbury Hall, Cartwright Gardens, W.C.1, 7.30.
- W. H. Thompson: "Civil Liberties in Wartime," 2 Keats Grove, 7.45.

FRIDAY, January 26th—
- The Fleet Street Choir, Birkbeck College, 1. Tickets 2s. 6d. and 1s.
- Prof. R. H. Tawney: "The Idea of Federation," Canterbury Hall, 5.
- F.P.S.I. Week-end Conference on "Federal Union," Arnold House Hotel, Montpelier Terrace, Brighton. Tickets from 49 Nassington Road, N.W.3. (HAM 2969.)

Correspondence

DEMOCRACY IN FRANCE

SIR,—I should perhaps be grateful for "G. L.'s" letter from Paris "supplementing" my two articles in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last month. But my gratitude is not entirely undiluted. I agree with some of the things he says; but, unfortunately, his "supplement" contains a number of statements which cannot pass unchallenged. And it also raises a point which it would be well to discuss in all seriousness. And it is this: Is it not, to put it vulgarly, a bit thick when Fascists and Communists begin to scream against democracy, against the "terrorism" of democracy, and against their own ill-treatment by democratic governments because they—the avowed enemies of democracy—are not quite allowed to do all the dirty anti-democratic work they would like to do? These people would like democracy to be a sort of Tolstoyan Non-Resistance regime. The fruits of such "pure" democracy were well reaped by the Weimar Republic; under a sane democratic regime in Germany Hitler would have been hanged in 1924. "G. L." does not, perhaps, realise how inconsistent he is when, in one sentence, he bursts into righteous indignation because the rules of parliamentary government are not being correctly observed in France, and when, in another sentence, he proposes to put France under a Dimitrov regime. The question whether democracy should tolerate the enemies of democracy is a vital one, and it applies to peacetime as well as to wartime. In the days of their "democratic" ardour the Communists who shouted "*La Rocque en prison!*" would have agreed with me.

Another question, closely connected with this, is whether it is anti-democratic for a democratic Government to suppress political activity directed from abroad, or paid from abroad. As we all know, the Nazis spent no end of money on propaganda in France; was it undemocratic of the Government to have suppressed, some months before the war, some of those newspapers sold on the Boulevards which had obviously been financed by Herr Abetz and Co.? If this suppression was legitimate, then the suppression of Communist propaganda—after the Communists had ceased to be "supporters" of democracy—was equally justifiable. "G. L." proudly claims that a large proportion of French workers are following the precepts of Dimitrov, in other words of Stalin; and in the name of what principles, I ask you, is the French Government to tolerate the propaganda of a man who has taken part in the partition of Poland, France's ally, and who, for all one knows, may be a genuine ally of Hitler? Anyone who has read the clandestine *Humanité* and the anti-British pamphlets dropped over France by German aeroplanes, or has listened to the propaganda against the "British bankers and imperialists" on the Stuttgart wireless station knows that the one is scarcely distinguishable from the other.

"Pure" democracy is bad at any time, in war as in peace; I mean the kind of democracy the Germans had under the Weimar Republic, when the enemies of democracy were allowed to do just as they pleased. In peacetime, it has at least an ideological justification. But, hang it all, we are at war just now; and a war is no joke. If in England the Communists—and the Fascists, for that matter—are still tolerated, it is largely because they are a negligible quantity, and because the *Daily Worker* makes amusing reading—or at least it did at the end of August and right through September. In France, as "G. L." tells us, the Communists continue to be a formidable organisation; he represents it as being so formidable that one really begins to wonder whether the Daladier Government is not doing well to deal with it so ruthlessly. In my own private view, I do not think it nearly so formidable, and, in fact, I always thought that it was a psychological mistake of the Government to have made martyrs of the Communist leaders. Nothing would have discredited them more than if they had been allowed to perform their contortions after the manner of the *Daily Worker* of last September. But that does not invalidate my view that, in principle, enemy propaganda is intolerable. And while I believe that the continued allegiance of many workers in France to the Communist Party is largely due to feelings of personal loyalty towards their persecuted leaders, I know that in a vast number of cases their disgust with Stalin is, at the same time, complete.

"G. L." treats me as "a foreigner," and suggests that I am not, therefore, in a position to judge the French situation. I have lived in France for nearly fifteen years, and have, on the whole, as you know, kept my eyes and ears pretty well open. I am, therefore, not at all impressed by "G. L.'s" sweeping generalisations about the state of mind of the French working class, about the happiness they felt when the Russians invaded Poland, and about their "grim determination to fight Daladier and to fight war to the bitter end." Even the most revolutionary among the French workmen, even those among them who in principle agree with the precepts of Dimitrov, cannot, by a natural instinct, get away from the fact that Stalin is the accomplice of Hitler and the invader of Finland—not even after learning by heart the "direct and unambiguous" programme of Dimitrov which "G. L." quotes with such approval—forgetting that what he is advocating is the substitution of a Soviet regime for democracy. And how many people in France, including workers, think the Stalin regime, with its massacres at home, and now in Finland, so wonderful?

With some points "G. L." makes I fully agree. I think the concentration camps for the German refugees are deplorable; many people who got into the camps could not reasonably have been regarded as possible Nazi agents; further, without going into the question of what would, in similar cases, have happened in Germany or Russia, I think that some of the sentences passed on rank-and-file Communists are inhuman; I also deplore the curtailment of the role of Parliament. But I say this because I am a Liberal; if I were a Communist or a Fascist I should, with any sense of proportion and *pudeur*, keep my mouth shut. As for the future of French democracy, there is one point which "G. L." overlooks; and that is that if the rear is submitting to a great many wartime restrictions, in the Army there is a remarkable Republican spirit, and an altogether astonishing freedom of discussion. I should like to have some details of the death sentences passed on Communists in the Army; can "G. L." quote any concrete cases?

ALEXANDER WERTH

8 rue Halévy,
Paris.

SIR,—Mr. Mortimer's "explanation of the French attitude to Communists" is somewhat far-fetched.

May I draw his attention to a passage in the recently published *Livre Jaune* (official collection of diplomatic documents on French-German-Polish negotiations 1938–39) in which M. Bonnet, speaking to the German Ambassador in Paris, assures him of French support in case of war with Poland, and drops the following significant remarks:

> J'ai dit enfin à l'Ambassadeur qu'il pouvait constater en France le mouvement d'unanimité nationale qui s'était fait derrière le Gouvernement; les elections seraient suspendues, les réunions publiques arrêtées, les tentatives de propagande étrangère quelles qu'elles soient, reprimées, les communistes mis à la raison.
>
> La discipline et l'esprit de sacrifice du peuple français ne pouvaient être mis en doute par personne. (no. 149, p. 170.)

This was on July 1st, 1939, before the German-Soviet pact was signed, i.e., before Russia could be considered an enemy, or Communists "self-confessed allies" of an enemy. It shows that the repression had been contemplated long ago, and that it has been carried out according to plan.

L. R. F.

SIR,—Without the slightest wish to justify Daladier and his Government, I must agree that Raymond Mortimer has disposed of the *bona fides* of the Communist Party in their sudden conversion to free speech. Indeed, he might have added that not long ago the French Communists supported the Popular Front Government in repressive measures against French colonials, denying them the right to free speech and free association on the pretext that well-known colonial organisations were agencies of the Fascist Powers.

Whatever dismal satisfaction we may derive from hearing the Communists squeal at the taste of their own medicine, the decline of liberty in a "war for democracy" is none the less alarming; and not even the further satisfaction of having foretold it can afford much compensation. It is not only the Communist Party which has suffered in France. Many non-Communist papers, such as *l'Homme Libre*, *La Justice*, *La Flèche*, *Le Combat Syndicaliste*, *Le Libertaire*, *La Revolution Proletarienne* and *Le Reveil Syndicaliste*, have been suppressed since September last. All offices of the P.S.O.P. (the I.L.P. of France) have been raided and its officials arrested. Its paper still appears, but so heavily censored that

79 inches were deleted from a recent issue, including reports of speeches made in the British Parliament.

Repression in the colonies and of colonial organisations in Paris has been intensified. Already, before the war, Robert Louzon received a heavy sentence for writing an article demanding very mild reforms in colonial administration. Now the colonial offices in Paris have been closed down and leading colonials, even in France, prosecuted on the charge of "espionage." Refugees are also persecuted, as another of your correspondents has noted, and among them Paul Froelich—well known as the biographer of Rosa Luxemburg and an opponent of both Hitlerism and Stalinism—has been interned with "enemy aliens."

I do not imply that we are so much better ourselves. In the West Indies and in West Africa emergency powers have already been used to stifle the trade union movement, and leaders such as Uriah Butler and Wallace Johnson have been interned without trial. Unfortunately, the decline of liberty in France is not a unique product of this or any other war. REGINALD REYNOLDS

SIR,—However strong the case for repressing Communism in France, I cannot see any justification for the conditions accorded to political prisoners there. A friend who has recently visited *La Santé*, where the thirty-four Communist deputies are now in prison, reports that they are subjected to the treatment and conditions of the worst type of criminals. Their cells are small, cold and almost completely dark. The food is reported to be scanty and foul; no extras may be bought, not even "*un marron glacé pour Noel!*" Eleven of them are ill. No papers or books are allowed, and the only visits permitted are for ten minutes twice a week by wives or near relatives. These men are political prisoners, not criminals. X. Y.

U.S.S.R. AND FINLAND

SIR,—Mr. Robertson's letter in this week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should help to dispel some of the confusion which has characterised the pro- and anti-Russia controversy in your columns. For it is clearly beside the point to apply to the actions of the Communists moral standards which by the nature of their philosophy they reject. Unlike nineteenth-century Socialism, which was largely an ethical movement based on ideals of social "justice," Communism is explicitly amoral, and Stalin is therefore quite consistent in putting expediency before principle. Those hopeful people in this country and elsewhere who saw in the respectability of Russian foreign policy during recent years a trend towards liberal idealism are naturally worried and disillusioned, but to anyone who understood the underlying tenets of Marxism such a view was impossible. Stalin supported collective security, not because he believed in justice or the rights of small nations, but because he was afraid of Hitler and found it expedient to play up to the Western Powers. Now, having successfully tricked us into fighting Hitler, he is naturally cashing in on the resultant situation. Terms like "double-crossing" can have no derogatory meaning for a Marxist; such tactics are just a means to the end and their success is sufficient justification. In the same way the attempted justification of Russian action on idealistic grounds, which has puzzled a good many people, is clearly a case of tactics, a concession to the moral prejudices of humanitarian Socialists.

The value of the present situation is that it has brought certain fundamental cleavages of outlook into the open. It is now clear to all that, as Lenin firmly pointed out, there is a deeper gulf between the true Marxist on the one hand and the average English socialist and capitalist on the other than between the two latter groups; because whereas they differ mainly as to methods of economic organisation the Marxist has a completely different view of the nature of man. To the Marxist man is an economic animal and the law of the jungle is absolute; therefore the "masses" must seize power, not because it is right and just that they should, but because they are the stronger side. (Marx overlooked the possibility that you might overcome one tyranny only to create another, and that it might be easier for the masses to seize power than to hold it; but then imagination was not Marx's strong point.) However much democratic Socialists—such as I should say THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION represents—may agree with the Communists on immediate reforms it is the underlying philosophic issue which in the long run is the more important. It is the man who shares your sense of ultimate values, not the one who agrees with your economics, with whom in the last resort you will take your stand.

In conclusion, I should like to comment on a point which has been stressed in your editorial columns, namely, that we must not allow our disappointment with Russia to affect our belief in Socialism. That is true enough, but I think there is more to it. Recent events have made a good many people wonder whether, perhaps, too high a price may not be paid for desirable economic changes and whether the problem of reconciling Socialism with liberty, central authority with individual choice, may not be more complex than they had altogether realised. In other words, can we get Socialism without totalitarianism? It is generally assumed by Socialists that we can, but the question seems to me to require more attention than it has so far received.

10 Grays Inn Square, W.C.1. F. L. JACKMAN

TRAVEL TO EIRE

SIR,—Facts without comment:

A journey, within three days of Christmas, from London to Dublin via Holyhead—normal peacetime duration 8.45 p.m. to (approx.) 6.30 a.m.

Left Euston fairly punctually. No guard, conductor or ticket-collector seen during journey. Corridor choked with passengers and their baggage. Lavatory unusable owing to number of passengers travelling therein. Arrived Holyhead at (approx.) 5 a.m., about three hours late which, seeing conditions of fog and Christmas traffic, was intelligible. Able to read in train—otherwise purgatory would have been Hell. No porters available on arrival and carriage with single exit took from 10 to 15 minutes to empty itself.

On alighting heard direction "form queue." Huge throng, most orderly and patient on semi-open platform. A few privileged passengers seemed at intervals to be ushered along past the queue on to the boat. The queue progressed a few inches at a time until about 7 a.m. when it was stopped short and general immobility ensued. Then the ship left and after some delay the relief boat (which had lain easily accessible at the adjoining platform) was warped across and the (snail-like) progress of the queue was resumed. The writer who was by no means the last, reached the boat at about 10 a.m.

The delay was due to the examination (in a wooden structure on the platform) of passports, travel permits and to see whether embarkation cards should be issued to the travellers.

Two different stewards on the boat assured the writer that the congestion on the platform was due in part to numbers who had remained (or been kept waiting) since 7.30 p.m. on the previous evening.

Having seen sunrise on Holyhead platform and (approaching) sunset as he left Kingstown platform, arrived in Dublin at (approx.) 4.30 p.m., 10 hours behind schedule.

Within the ensuing week the writer visited Belfast twice, and beyond a perfunctory "anything to declare?" was asked no question and showed no papers at the Boundary on any occasion. Two subsequent crossings of the Boundary were equally unquestioned.

Both the Government service and the L.M.S. are concerned. H.M. Government has had occasion to borrow the great co-ordinating brain of Lord Stamp from the L.M.S. Surely his distinguished and invaluable genius as an organiser can be set free for the necessary five minutes to enable him to clean this up?

PILGRIM

JOHN HOWARD

SIR,—A hundred and fifty years ago, on January 20th, 1790, John Howard died in Russia on active service for humanity. He was 64 years old and had gone to the Crimea because the Russo-Turkish war offered an opportunity of studying in military hospitals the methods of combating plague and camp fever, which he believed to be allied to gaol fever. He caught the fatal illness himself and was buried near the village of Stepanovka, Cherson. He was given an "almost royal funeral"; the peasants have preserved his memory in legends and folk-song, and on his grave are the words, in Russian and Latin, "John Howard: Whosoever thou art thou art standing at the tomb of thy friend."

Howard made his first contact with the prison system when he became High Sheriff of Bedfordshire in 1772. He ennobled that office as no other holder has done by taking seriously its responsibility for the county's prisoners, and his first visit of inspection of Bedford Gaol embarked him at the age of 46 on his life work. He visited every single prison and bridewell in England and Wales twice or three times before publishing his

book, *The State of the Prisons*. He observed penetratingly and minutely, weighed the prison rations, measured the rooms, recorded methodically and accurately and gave his countrymen a complete and damning picture of the injustice, corruption, inefficiency and misery of the filthy promiscuous eighteenth-century English gaol. He galvanised officials and legislators to action by the presentation of accurate information. He gave them new ideas and new standards for prison treatment by visiting and studying the gaols of other countries—France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Russia, Switzerland, Austria, Poland, Turkey, Italy, Portugal and Spain. Nor did the case of prisoners of war escape him, for he visited French and American prisoners at Winchester, Plymouth, Gosport and Pembroke.

Howard himself said he was only "the plodder, collecting materials for men of genius to make use of." By that same token he was the pioneer of all penal reform and, indeed, of all modern social reform, in so far as it is based on a careful, honest collection, publication and recognition of facts. But it was a faith in God and man which drove Howard to his task. In his own words, "We are required to imitate our Gracious Heavenly Parent, who is kind to the unthankful and the evil . . . And as to criminality, it is possible that a man who has often shuddered at hearing the account of a murder may, on a sudden temptation, commit that very crime. Let him that thinks he standeth take heed lest he fall, and commiserate those that are fallen."

Howard died just before Europe was plunged into a quarter of a century of war and reaction. The reforms which he had outlined and Parliament had ordained were shelved, but it was Howard who had taught a later generation how to carry on his work.

CICELY M. CRAVEN
(Honorary Secretary, Howard League for Penal Reform)
89 Attimore Road,
Welwyn Garden City.

AN "ARISTOCRATIC MINISTER"

SIR,—May I protest against your manners? Mr. Oliver Stanley is, like Mr. Hore-Belisha, a democratically elected Member of Parliament. Is it not, therefore, rather invidious to try to prejudice him in the eyes of your readers by referring to him as "an aristocratic Minister." It would, equally, be regrettable if you referred to Mr. Hore-Belisha as "a Jewish Minister": but if you do the one, you should do the other.

It is, thank Heaven, as yet no crime in England to be either a Jew or an aristocrat: both should have equal rights, and an equal claim to your politeness.

OSBERT SITWELL

"BLEST PAIR"

SIR,—Three of us, Sir George Clausen, Mr. Manson and myself drew the Critic of the *Times* into a leading article. Alone I have drawn Clive Bell into THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and what a poisonous attack I have invoked! Mr. Bell reckons to tease me, but he is a poor "teaser"—a word of more than one meaning. He rears up and strikes at me as if he were going to "catermauchously chaw" me up. He snorts and shouts so often—"Mr. Munnings seems to admire" and "seems to imagine"—until I question if he's genuine when he speaks of me as being "so generous a man." But we must put a *twitch on him; he's too hot and rampant and loses his style—he needs a six-drachm ball to cool him down—

> "Hear the loud alarum bells"—
> "Brazen bells!

Their sound reaches me here in the Garrick Club with its "bare" walls "where late the 'Zoffanys' sang," and one might imagine those pictures put away in safety from Clive Bell and not from the War. Had they been hanging I might have described yet another "commonplace visual experience," or had they been replaced by Modiglianis and Braques I might have described a more precious one instead.

I am glad Mr. Bell is angry with me as with Dr. MacColl, but he is not "terrifying" and we're not "hurt sir, no sir—not at all—rather the contrary"—to continue with Surtees, I might reply to Mr. Bell in better language than his own—"thou's a varra foolish, noisy, gobby, insufficient 'ard man and ar doesn't regard thee"! Not that Mr. Bell is 'ard—an 'ard man couldn't twitter and chirp as he does—and would know better. Anyhow, he was wise enough to use the words "may be" when he wrote "The ultra-modern artist of to-day may be the old master of to-morrow." I would add "if Mr. Bell stayed alive until then."

And what used up nonsense it is about having to possess a "modicum" of history to know how Manet was judged in his time! The "veriest dunce" knows that his work never needed the boosting and ramp given to ultra-moderns of to-day. Critics find their "history" in books and artists, doing the same, detect older works hashed up again in new form. Hence—Mr. Bell's surfeit of history. And—no sage—young or old—would have said "to most of us, great art is terrifying." Did the Parthenon, the Michael Angelos, the Botticellis or Rembrandts terrify, before being "sterilised by age and usage, etc.?" The only works I have seen that might terrify are those with pieces of string, corks and other odds and ends attached, which rather suggest an Irish Bomb Trap than any "bursting with a message of young genius." Mr. Bell's feeble cliché that painters cannot understand any painting of their day except their own is an appropriate basis for his pronouncements—as he puts it—"the sincere and ardent painter is so thoroughly obsessed by his peculiar vision," that he is unfitted to judge of his contemporaries' works. If sincerity and ardour impose this disability on painters, why not on other professional practitioners, including art critics? And so "bang goes" Mr. Bell's defence of the "peculiar vision" of the critic of the *Times*—this of course applies to any other critical excursions outside the narrow, intimate circle of the weekly page which reiterates his own "obsessions."

As Mr. Bell believes in the "ultra-moderns" why doesn't he alter his own style to theirs instead of worrying out sentences with dots, dashes and inverted commas. Why write so consciously? as if he were saying to himself—"I'll show these people how to handle Munnings!" The result is only poor waspish lampooning with no "tang." Why not practice in his own art that which he preaches about another? Then still more writers might find employment in explaining him. His self-consciousness is the only resemblance in style to the "ultra-moderns." Cannot Mr. Bell—"by an uncommon effort of imagination" see one of these preparing a new "stunt" in his studio which will knock everyone silly in the Tate Gallery and which "may be" an old master of to-morrow? Why doesn't he do the same and dip his pen in red ink and begin with a deep, guttural snarl—Arghhh—h—h—h!!! invent new lettering and get on with a literary "abstraction?"

Let me tell Mr. Bell—since nobody else does—that no great Artist ever tried a "stunt"; Velasquez didn't, neither did Beethoven or Shakespeare and when Mr. Bell writes "bang go the Sonnets," he gives me a chance to say that, had he been the literary critic of that day, there mightn't have been a Sonnet left—not even "The darling buds of may." They were left alone and still breathe sweetly of the English meadows and not of sewage farms.

Boosting freakish things puts Mr. Bell outside the pale of meadows. He should live and sleep in a general waiting room at Liverpool Street, where Picasso-like sounds would drive him to Braque Fantasies. There, he might outdo Picasso in letters!—longing, the while, for the loveliness of a Modigliani woman and the beauties of Tahiti as seen by Gauguin.

Mr. Bell "makes play" with the assertion that I am called "The Lázlo of the Equine World." He refrains from giving the source of this quotation, but it is interesting to hear that that well-known portrait painter was so well thought of. Mr. Bell has missed the best piece of "news"—that I am "the only R.A. who has ridden ever to hounds in gout boots"—which would have given him another imputation. "Well did that great man, I think it was Walter Scott, if it warn't, 'twas Little Bartley the boot maker, say, that there was no man wot would not rather have a himputation on his morallity, than on his 'ossmanship." I wouldn't dream of making any himputation against Mr. Bell or his works; he is too difficult to place with his wide scope of music, poetry, painting and "ultra-modern art." He certainly could not be called the "Swift" of any world, although he seems quick at squirting lampoons.

His annoyance "seems" to drive him to more futile teasing. He says "I glory in mediocrity" and that I like "In the Shadows." As Mr. Bell's musical judgments are not stultified by being a musician, there is no excuse for his assumption that because I like Herman Finck's "much-loved melody," I do not like Beethoven's Quartets, neither is there any excuse for his coupling the latter with what he incorrectly calls Picasso's abstractions. And why, if I "glory in my mediocrity" need he get so angry because I mentioned in the *Times* Turner's "Evening Star," or Boilly, or Goya's "Nude Girl," or Manet's "Bar," or because I dared to write of the "Bar" in those columns? I even wonder how I dared take the wind from a writer's sails praising the great Manet whilst Mr. Bell was busy boosting lesser fry. I should have taken warning from the "Art on Trial" talks, I should have seen how it was faring with Dr. MacColl—and now Mr. Bell's terrifying "explosion" shows

> By the twanging,
> And the clanging,
> How the danger ebbs and flows—
> How the danger sinks and swells,
> By the sinking or the swelling in the anger
> Of the Bells.

A. J. MUNNINGS

* Twitch. A stable implement to restrain a fractious horse. A stick with cord loop attached which is put over a horse's upper lip and tightened by twisting the stick until the horse is manageable.

Current Literature

THE ESTABLISHMENT

The Church of England. By HERBERT HENSLEY HENSON. *Cambridge.* 7s. 6d.

This book is one of a series edited by Lord Stamp and descriptive of English Institutions. The complacence with which we islanders regard our customs is perhaps no greater than that exhibited by other tribes, yet it frequently excites the merriment of foreigners. The elaborate vices of our legal system, for instance, are rarely mentioned: and we can only hope that in the volume promised in this series upon the Law, Lord Mackinnon will be no less courageous and candid than Dr. Hensley Henson shows himself in this volume about the Church of England. The sometime Bishop of Durham is an energetic writer, intellectually well equipped, and not afraid to speak his mind, even when this entails exposing his prejudices. The picture he paints is not rosy.

In his history of the Church of England Dr. Henson suggests that Erastianism had been the "atmosphere" of England long before the Reformation, and justly emphasises the part played by secular politicians. He points out not only that the sixteenth century quarrels between England and Rome were caused by political considerations rather than by moral repugnance to ecclesiastical abuses or rational contempt for mediaeval superstition, but also that the Protestantism responsible for the Glorious Revolution was more political than religious. His main thesis is that the Establishment no longer benefits the Church, and should be abolished.

> The crude fact is, that not a Christian monarch but a non-Christian Parliament controls the Church of England. Only the consideration and good sense which commonly mark the political action of English citizens have made possible the continuance of so gross and humiliating an anomaly.

But little consideration was in fact shown by this non-Christian Parliament when it rejected the Revised Prayer Book prepared by the ecclesiastical authorities. Moreover now for the first time the Prime Minister does not belong to a church accepting the central doctrine of traditional Christianity. No doubt Mr. Chamberlain can be trusted to use "good sense" in the selection of Bishops, but we cannot conceive of a Unitarian congregation allowing its minister to be selected by an Anglican. Most Churchmen, it appears, have more elastic consciences, and can swallow this affront, consoled perhaps by the thought that the State uses penalties to make soldiers and sailors attend Divine Service. But the blasphemy occasioned every Sunday by this order must grieve the genuinely devout.

The Church of England, it is admitted, has lost much of her prestige. Dr. Henson writes:

> The Anglican clergy in the twentieth century are not generally to be described as "gentlemen" and "scholars." These almost archaic descriptions are not fitly applied to men who have had no better training than that which an elementary school crowned by a theological college can provide.

I should be surprised if many ordinands proceeded from elementary school to theological college without some intervening education. Dr. Henson proceeds to quote the Bishop of Bristol as saying that it is uncommon to-day to find a man who has taken Second Class Honours in the list of Ordination candidates, and that the standard is definitely lower than that of candidates for the Civil Service or indeed for most of the learned professions. Even in the palmiest days of the Establishment learning has been the mark, I think, of only a small minority of clergymen, and if the Church of England now appeals to few intellectuals, there are greater compensations than Dr. Henson allows in the recruiting of clergy from the poorer classes. Most bishops to-day can hardly live on their official incomes, but when they were rich they distinguished themselves by always and almost unanimously opposing every important reform. To-day humane opinions are commonly found on the Episcopal Bench, and the clergy no longer form a solid Tory block. Consequently the demand for Disestablishment has diminished among non-Churchmen even more noticeably than it has increased among Churchmen.

Dr. Henson does not deal with one serious obstacle to Disestablishment—the close connection of the Church with the Throne. Evidently our Monarchs, by becoming Presbyterians when they visit their Scottish kingdom, commit deadly sin in the eyes of orthodox Anglicans. But the historic tie between the Church and her supreme governor seems to have become close again since the Abdication in which the Primate played so signal a part. Indeed it seems possible that it will become customary for the Primate to compose the royal broadcasts, just as it is for the Prime Minister to write the King's speech to Parliament. If Archbishops are chosen by the Church instead of by the Prime Minister, they will presumably have to surrender a large part of their influence upon the Throne.

The decline in traditional religion is now shown to have results unforeseen by the free-thinkers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Men commonly have a need to worship, and if they cease to believe in a God who is good, they succumb easily to the adoration of a dictator who is bad. Even in this country, where we are free from an idolatry like that established in Germany and Russia, the decadence of belief in doctrine has produced an increase, alarming as well as comical, in gross superstition. From the Muggletonians to the Jezreelites, the English have shown a continuous liability to the odder forms of credulity. But the current epidemic of astrology in England would seem to Lord Macaulay or Mr. Gladstone hardly less bewildering than the reinforcement of despotism in half the states of Europe.

Traditional Christianity is closely connected with the ancient processes of agricultural life, and flourishes ill in an industrial society. Whether this reflects discredit on industrial societies or on traditional Christianity is a question outside the scope of this review. But it is certain that Catholic forms of worship support better than Protestant ones the rigours of an urban climate. Dr. Henson admits and seeks to explain this:

> Modern conditions tend to enfeeble Churches which magnify the pulpit, but to leave unaffected the influence of the altar . . . there is no insuperable difficulty about effecting a *modus vivendi* between the Church and modern society. One altar is as effective as another; and the confessional may be everywhere available. Both appeal to fundamental human needs which may be satisfied by any priest anywhere. The elasticity of sacerdotalism matches with comparative facility the bewildering mobility of modern society.

So true is this account of the greater practical attractiveness and effectiveness of Catholic worship that Disestablishment would probably result in the gradual but complete triumph of the Catholics and Anglo-Catholics. At present their progress is retarded by patronage, inherited wealth, and the feelings of the general public, which remains Protestant though irreligious. Dr. Henson would not welcome such a development. He is one of those prelates who deplore the "disloyalty" of Anglo-Catholics, while feeling free themselves to discard doctrines proclaimed in the Apostles' Creed.

Objection can justly be taken to many details in that great system of moral jurisprudence which has been elaborated by members of the Society of Jesus. Particularly shocking is the extravagant indulgence made for the necessity of keeping up one's social position. But the rulings of St. Alphonsus, Suarez and the other great casuists are far more severe than is vulgarly supposed; in the matter of lying, for instance, much less licence is given than a secular man of the strictest honour would ordinarily allow. Moreover, in what is commonly known as Jesuitry, the Society of Jesus has much to learn from Anglican apologists. In his pages explaining the necessity of believing in the Incarnation and the non-necessity of believing in the Virgin Birth, Dr. Henson shows an address worthy of a tight-rope walker. There is a frontier, it seems, between matters that should be determined by Biblical criticism and matters that are too fundamental to be submitted to such a test.

Unluckily, Biblical critics constantly violate this frontier, and Dr. Henson, while favourable to criticism, does not here so much as mention the more destructive scholarship, such as Loisy's. Evidently a book for the general reader about the Established Church cannot be expected to include any elaborate Christian apologetics. But Anglican theologians may not unfairly be described as perched on a variety of precarious footholds down the long but slippery slope between the infallible authoritarianism of Rome and the abyss of complete agnosticism. The history of the Church of England explains but hardly justifies this unedifying spectacle. The beauty of her liturgy, her ancient fanes and familiar music, the single-mindedness and social usefulness of many of her clergy still retain for her the loyalty and affection of many devout persons. But the palmy days of Jeremy Taylor, of Tillotson, of Butler and of Pusey now seem very remote. The intellectual glory is departed, and while Dr. Henson commends our attention and our respect, he fails—perhaps he hardly hopes—to secure our agreement.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

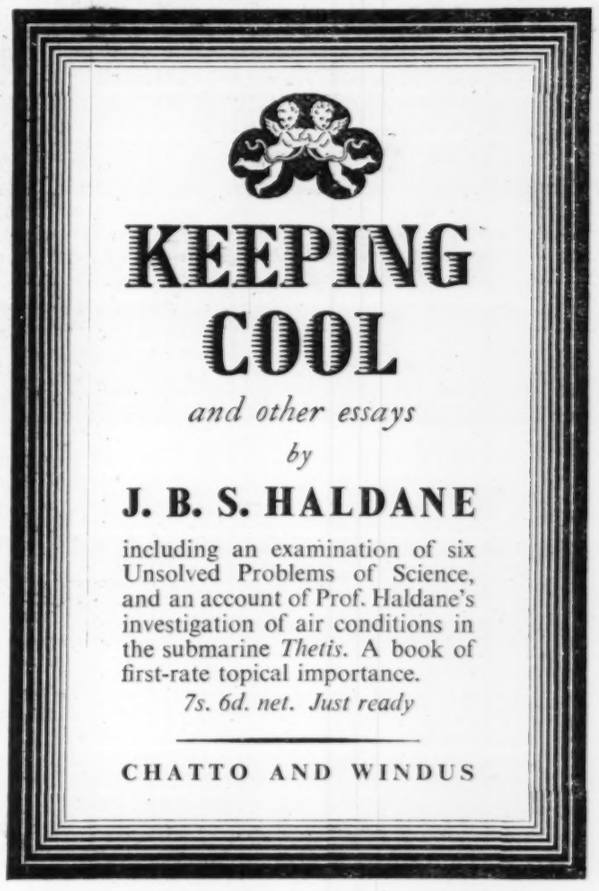
Night Rider. By R. P. WARREN. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9s.
Capricornia. By XAVIER HERBERT. *Rich and Cowan.* 8s. 6d.
The Tree of Liberty. By ELIZABETH PAGE. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.
War and Soldier. By ASHIHEI HINO. *Putnam.* 8s. 6d.
The Valiant Heart. By GEORGE BLAKE. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

It is pleasant to begin the new year with a notice of two such novels as *Night Rider* and *Capricornia*, for both are first novels which would be outstanding even if they were the work of experienced writers of established reputation. *Night Rider* is the story of a lawyer from an up-country parish of Kentucky whose popularity with the local tobacco-growers draws him rather against his will into an Association of Farmers who are attempting to break a buyers' ring by pooling their crop and selling co-operatively at an agreed price. Legal and law-abiding as the Association is at the beginning, the corrupt methods of coercion and intimidation practised by its opponents drive its members to desperation. The crisis comes when the President of the Association sells out to the buyers and resigns after advising the acceptance of a price lower than the agreed price for the tobacco crop; the price offered by the buyers is high enough to be tempting, the resigning President carries weight in the community, and the Association begins to break up. Loyal members begin to burn the crops of waverers, seed-beds are hoed up, and acts of violence increase until the lawyer finds that he has been swept up into one of those agrarian rebellions which are a recurrent feature in American history. The lawyer is an unimpressive, rather weak character, and he is swept along with the Association; his descent from a law-abiding citizen to a hunted man seeking a private enemy to do murder is brilliantly described. The break-up of his marriage as he becomes increasingly secretive and increasingly strained by his familiarity with brutality in itself would justify the book as a psychological study, but there are added to that descriptive passages—the night search of negro cabins for the missing weapon in a murder, a raid to burn tobacco warehouses in a country town, the arrival of the National Guard after a night of riot—and a richness of characterisation which gives the book the power to evoke the complete picture of a society and its situation. Satisfactory as a work of art in that it successfully re-creates a man's experience for the reader, it is also worth reading as an explanatory note to all those curious anarchist outbreaks from Shay's Rebellion down to the Harlan County Riots. And even if it had none of these things in its favour, this would still be a good exciting story.

This abundance of virtue *Capricornia* shares with Mr. Warren's novel. But if there is a quality lacking in *Night Rider* it is that one does not gather from it any clear vision of the country in which the action takes place; however, this defect is not shared by Mr. Herbert's book, and when one has finished *Capricornia* one can see the hot, frightening, landscape of Queensland's gulf shore as clearly as if one had looked at it. The same feat is here accomplished, the evocation in its entirety of a social situation and the clarification of the inward being of certain people faced with that situation, and here again the ideas are skilfully wrapped up in a story which at its most superficial valuation would be exciting and enthralling. It is concerned with the begetting and the lives of certain half-castes whose blood is half Australian Aboriginal and half alien. The hero of the book is one of these yeller-fellers, who happens by a trick of circumstances to acquire the education and the self-respect to which every human being is entitled. The disaster of his return to the place of his origin, where his kind enjoy not one of the elementary human rights, is the main theme of the book, and subsidiary themes deal with the effect of the existence of a rightless caste on those in it and on those above it. As a revelation of actual circumstances of human degradation and misery, it is comparable with *The Grapes of Wrath*, but Mr. Herbert writes Mr. Steinbeck off the map and *Capricornia* is a more subtle and more sensitive production than that unwieldy and repetitive monster. In addition to excellent descriptive writing, there is exceptionally good dialogue that is at times very funny indeed.

In comparison with these two brilliant novels, *The Tree of Liberty* at first seems to be a somewhat uninspired and mechanical work. After such fully developed characters the flat tickets who represent people in Miss Page's whopping great book seem all too devoid of virtue. But as one ploughs on it is to realise that there are very lively ideas behind the stock melodrama characters and that the book is a Trojan Horse which has been made to smuggle a discussion of American Democracy into quarters where it would be unlikely to be received or welcomed as such. The rather ham story of families divided in loyalty runs from the first days of the War of Independence on to the Presidency of Jefferson, and by the time it has finished it has stated the ground of division between the anarchist and aristocratic elements of the foundation era and the nature of the Jeffersonian principles which framed the Bill of Rights and achieved the compromise which is the basis of American political affairs. The Bill of Rights was added to the Constitution as a counter to the threat of a monied Aristocracy on the one hand and of a Military Dictatorship on the other; at the present time it is worth considering the way in which that guarantee of elementary human rights was won by a naive and politically inexperienced people. *Americanism* is a sinister word in the undefined state, and it has been used to cover the suppression of free thought and liberty: such books as Miss Page's help towards a definition of the word that will make it an implement against tyranny. The book is, perhaps, to be placed in the same category as *Gone with the Wind*, a book, too easy to malign, which for all its feebly romantic characterisation, gave a picture of the South breaking and broken in the Civil War which must have impressed the most flitter-witted. It is easy to scoff at the solemn acknowledgements to the enormous crowd of people who seem to have helped in writing the book and at the six pages of bibliography, but though the book is no work of art it trundles on readably with its heavy freight of noble ideals. It is not to be denied that the author has had the conception of a book worth writing and that her intentions have to a large extent been fulfilled. As is the case with *Gone with the Wind*, it is odd that so good a book should have been written by someone with so little talent for writing.

After these books, which are so filled with ideas, Ashihei Hino's war novel is very odd reading, the more so in that Lady Murasaki has accustomed one to prose rich in content and imagery as being characteristically Nipponese. An intelligent man can hardly have fought through so long a campaign as has fallen to the author's lot without having a profound thought of any kind, but one waits for the appearance of an idea in this book in vain. Occasionally events lead the author to a point at which it seems that he must


KEEPING
COOL
and other essays
by
J. B. S. HALDANE
including an examination of six Unsolved Problems of Science, and an account of Prof. Haldane's investigation of air conditions in the submarine Thetis. A book of first-rate topical importance.
7s. 6d. net. Just ready
CHATTO AND WINDUS

face the reality of the fatuous pointless war in which he is fighting, but he is never incapable of some staggering evasion that allows him to preserve an absolute peace of mind. It makes a curious contrast with *The Tale of Genji:* the tenth-century mind went so deeply into the roots of human action and so richly appreciated the diversity of the world that one cannot believe that the woman to whom it belonged spent the greater part of her life hidden from male eyes behind screens, and that her observation of many things must have been the result of peeping. This book is the work of a man who has been able to choose his life and who in recent years has known hunger and the fear of death in a great war, but it is obvious that all the time his mind has been screened and that he has hardly even peeped round the barriers on which *Dangerous Thought* has been written. The book ends with the author assisting in the collection of abandoned arms in the recently captured city of Canton; he looks in at the deserted administrative buildings and notes the confusion, several big fires are still blazing. Then he returns to barracks:

> The soldier shouted in a hoarse voice: "When the gong strikes it will be exactly 6.43 in Japan." He had evidently set his watch by the wireless.
>
> "You say that is the time in Japan?" called out a soldier from the inside of the house.
>
> "Yes, that is what it is in Japan!"
>
> I took out my watch and set it to the time of the Homeland.

With this cosy sentiment the chronicle of the author's wandering through a country pointlessly ravaged and destroyed comes to an end.

The Valiant Heart is a Book Society choice, and as such possesses a melancholy interest. Its theme is the gallantry of the middle class in the second Franco-Prussian war and the wickedness of the lower classes and the dirty foreigners. Fine Old Lawrence Cumming, a shipowner, dyes his hair and joins up, his son is killed, his daughter has to go on the stage and her young man loses an arm. But Lawrence's son-in-law, a nasty Swede who'd become a naturalised Englishman, gets a cushy job in a ministry and rakes in the money; as you might expect, his son turns out to be a rotter and drinks although he can't hold it. The working classes—you'll never guess—buy fur coats and pianos (even though they don't know how to play them), and the cream of it is they have to keep the pianos in the passage because they can't get them into the parlour. ANTHONY WEST

AN ECONOMIC SECT

An Inquiry into Physiocracy. By M. BEER. *Allen and Unwin.* 6*s.*

Mr. Beer needs no introduction to an English audience. His *British Socialism* has long been the standard work upon the subject, and the present volume shows all of his old gift for penetrating into the heart of a big subject. Though the volume is small, it provides the best introduction known to me about a complex theme; and though its brevity necessarily prevents Mr. Beer from dealing with the fascinating by-ways of his subject, he has remarkably succeeded, in a very small space, in setting the proper perspective for its understanding.

Mr. Beer's argument is the simple one that the Physiocrats represent the last effort to supply a dying mediaeval economy with a theory and a justification. He shows, to my mind inescapably, that the foundation of their creed was a belief in the doctrine of natural law, and that they sought, upon this basis, to discover an economic system which would correspond to its attributes. Hence their aversion from commerce. Hence, also, their dislike of government interference—an attempt to replace natural law by positive law—and their approval of a beneficent despotism. The latter attains its end by acting in conformity with the laws of nature; and there is no other system of government which offers the prospect of social harmony. Mr. Beer explains how this attitude was at once a natural reaction against the evil results of Colbertism, and an endeavour to reform the economic condition of eighteenth-century France without a revolution. It failed because at the time of its effort the facts were already beyond the postulates upon which it based its faith. Unlike Adam Smith's book, its keynote was an epitaph and not a prophecy. It sought to put the keys of power in the hands of the landlords when, as Smith saw, the industrial and mercantile middle class had already become the masters of the nation.

Mr. Beer discusses interestingly Adam Smith's comment on the Physiocrats as a sect and happily defines it as "a number of votaries who regard themselves as the only legitimate custodians of the body of doctrines which the master transmitted to them. They think it their main duty to stand up in its defence from violation." He compares a "sect" with a "school of thought" which, "while respecting the master's legacy and not easily induced to question any of its doctrines on the promptings of an opponent, yet enquires into them, removes the untenable, and preserves what is adaptable to the progress of time." The Physiocrats, he suggests, like the Marxists, were a sect; and the sterility of their work was the outcome of their inability to look forward to the need to make necessary changes in doctrine. Mr. Beer works out the implications of this view briefly, but suggestively. It is interesting to note that he should, after fifty years in the Socialist movement, write of himself as "once a member of the old Marxist sect."

This admirable little book will arouse new interest in the Physiocrats; within its limits, it could not be better done. It is good to think that we owe its production to the hospitality of Great Britain to a distinguished refugee scholar. Had Mr. Beer remained in Hitlerite Germany, he would have had other, and grimmer, preoccupations. HAROLD J. LASKI

AN INNOCENT AT SCHOOL

Choosing and Using a Public School. By J. T. HANKINSON. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

"A Housemaster once remarked to his Headmaster that in twenty years there would be no Public Schools. This may be rather a startling statement, but the reply of the Headmaster was even more shattering: 'Nonsense, the beneficent influence of British snobbery will take care of their survival.'" The fact that Mr. Hankinson found the one remark startling and the other shattering is a measure both of his ingenuousness and his good heart. His critical defence of the Public Schools is designed to convince parents that this form of education is still worth patronising; and being acutely conscious of the fact that there are "not enough boys to go round," he is in the delicate position of an advertiser whose honesty will keep creeping into his copy. He is anxious to show that the schools have advanced with the times, and yet all the while he can't help a feeling that that advance is not really for the best.

Consequently he is not a very good advocate; and I am afraid that intelligent parents who were making the decision on his evidence would have to decide not to choose and use a Public School at all. Not because they would be put off by Mr. Hankinson's criticisms: these are a sign of strength; nor certainly because Mr. Hankinson gives an impression of illiberality: he is on the contrary surprisingly liberal, if rather muddled, in his treatment of sex, for instance, and punishment ("Housemasters who believe in the constructive nature of discipline have little use for the cane. It may in some cases act as a deterrent, but in general a useless one"). What they would find so alarming is the blend of naivety and timidity in his more positive utterances. Here are some of them:

On Housemasters:

> There are schools where the Headmaster makes his appointments according to suitability rather than seniority. This undoubtedly causes heartburnings, but is probably for the good of the profession.

On Curriculum (for boys going into business):

> That last year is only valuable if the boy is kept hard at it, learning something, it doesn't matter what, languages, perhaps. . . . The task is to keep him hard at work and help the brain to improve its powers of reception.

On Prefects:

> Two places (out of seven) should be reserved for those who represent academic ability and no games skill. This type is not always suitable for administration, tending to be self-centred, but their intellectual ability is useful to the House, and in a well-organised cabinet they can be made to pull their weight and probably benefit themselves. It is also a very good thing for the House to realise that clever boys with no athletic ability are given the opportunity to qualify for the highest posts.

On Art:

> The boy keen on Art or Natural History may not have a great share in the House athletic activities, and for this and other reasons a Housemaster may have little opportunity of influencing his progress. But the art man has the chance. He is constantly in touch with the boy, and besides being art teacher can also greatly influence his whole outlook . . . the Housemaster should wish for nothing more than that one of his boys should come under such an influence. Conversely, if good art is allied with poor influence in other directions, he has every cause to be uneasy.

TODAY

"At least as memorable as 'North West Passage'"

NIGHT RIDER

Robert Penn Warren

"One would have to go to Tolstoy to find this thing equalled."
Allen Tate.

Demy 8vo. 460 Pages. 9s. 0d. net.

"If it gets the public it deserves we shall be the most wisely warlike of the nations taking part in the present struggle." *Truth.*

THE

DECISIVE BATTLES

Maj.-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller

I. From Alexander The Great to Frederick The Great.

"An excellent beginning to a great and notable task . . . will place all readers much in his debt." *Cavalry Journal.*

"Likely to displace all previous studies, including even Creasy's." *H. S. Woodham.*

"Of military history, General Fuller is a master." *Sunday Times.*

"Full of movement and colour . . . deep and impartial knowledge . . . magnificently done." *Books of To-day.*

"Brilliance . . . boldness and originality." *Truth.*

Vol. I. 540 pages. 45 Maps. 16s. 0d. net.

8 FACES AT 3

Craig Rice

"If you can guess the answer you deserve a medal." *Milward Kennedy.*

A reprint of the first enthralling chapter of this book can be had upon application to the publishers, 8, Great New Street, London, E.C.4, or any bookseller, free of charge.

Crown 8vo. 288 Pages. 7s. 6d. net.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

On Sex:

Doctors and educationalists hold a variety of views concerning the possible harm that may come from masturbation, but whatever that may be, a Housemaster must also look on it from an additional angle. He would not like to be the owner of a House where sexual licence went unchecked, because sooner or later there would be a scandal.

On Religion:

By paying some attention to Christ's simple teachings a man is assured of much happiness, and at the same time material prosperity is quite likely to come his way. To which he is fully entitled and which he will use to the greatest advantage of himself and those with whom he comes in contact.

THOMAS SMALLBONES

TUDOR SNACKS

Tudor Translations: An Anthology. Chosen by HIS HONOUR JUDGE CLEMENTS. *Blackwell.* 12s. 6d.

Who is the general reader? I am never sure whether he is the usual, or common, reader, or the reader who is not a choosey specialist but reads anything that comes his way, as a general eater will eat anything. In any case, he is usually insulted when mentioned, though not, I think, intentionally. Judge Clements, for instance, in his introduction to this attractively got-up volume of selections, remarks that he believes Tudor translations to be "little known to the general reader." It is difficult to check this, but I should have guessed this much catered-for being to be familiar at least with North's Plutarch, Berner's Froissart, and Florio's Montaigne, even though he may know better Langhorne, Cotton, and some modern Froissart. Not that familiarity, where it exists, will make these selections unwelcome, and there are some that the G.R. probably may not know at all, such as Underdowne's Heliodorus and Danett's Commines. Others, that he would more likely know, are not included here; of these are the translations of foreign voyagers collected by those two indefatigably travel-minded clergymen, Hakluyt and Purchas. One would have liked one or two of their sailors' yarns thrown in, but the translations are usually anonymous ("his language, being Portugall, I was forced to get as I could," or "I found this translation with Master H.") and the translators here are the celebrities—North, Holland, Florio, Berners, Hoby, Harington, Urquhart and the rest. One may reasonably ask, why Urquhart, who was born in 1611 and published his Rabelais in 1653? Judge Clements says "he is included in the Tudor period only by generosity of interpretation. But included he must be," giving no reasons. The same generosity includes Hobbes's Thucydides (1629), Shelton's *Don Quixote*, and other Stuarts. Generosity would be all right, perhaps, but for two objections: a great number of particularly good Tudors had anyhow to be left out for lack of space in a book of this compass, and when Judge Clements comes to anthologise the Stuart translators (as I hope he will) he will surely miss these gifts to the Tudors; perhaps he will throw in a Hanoverian or two as makeweights. But what, anyhow, is the point of muddling chronology? Perhaps it is an infection from the superbly inaccurate, gloriously reckless Tudor translators themselves, who plucked their flowers high-handedly where they found them, and gave not a fig for dates, period, or any such niggling pedantries.

Apart from its cheerful way with chronology (that little surly "animal" as Fuller called it, "which is apt to bite the fingers of those that handle it") this is a good selection, pleasing in dress, beautifully printed and paged, contemporary text, everything handsome and elegant, including the brave stately style of the translators, a style which, say what you like of it—(or rather of the features common to the several styles, the grand melodiousness and large-size flaggery due mainly to a phase of the English language)—and it makes many general readers impatient, they rightly regard it as Olde Tudor, but, say what you like of it, it has a kind of marching splendour. There is more history in this collection than anything else, 80 pages of Plutarch and smaller chunks of Herodotus, Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus and Suetonius. But there is a little of Holland's Pliny (including the dolphin and phoenix) and a little Montaigne, and two short snacks from Cicero's *Friendship* and *Old Age*—too short, I think; I should have turned out the intruding Rabelais and put more. This is not captious: really this rowdy Cromwellian piece is a solecism here. It does not go with the rest. ROSE MACAULAY

NOT ships but farm-carts; no ocean hazards are risked to bring you Vita-Weat. The only transport needed for the wheat is from British barns to Peek Frean's. Eat this delicious home-produced crispbread with all meals in wartime. Everyone will tell you it is more digestible, and it keeps better too.

Vita-Weat

VITA-WEAT AND CHEESE ARE PERFECT
Vita-Weat scarcely needs butter
ONLY HOME-GROWN WHEAT IS USED IN MAKING VITA-WEAT
PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

WAR FINANCE

How to Pay for the War. By E. F. M. DURBIN. *Routledge.* 3s. 6d.

This is a small but valuable book. Written before Mr. Keynes published his articles in the *Times*, it makes no reference to the project of a savings levy on all incomes except the lowest as a contribution to war finance; but it approaches the problem from the same angle as Mr. Keynes, by endeavouring in the first place to discover what proportion of the current real income of the community is likely to be appropriated by the Government for war services, and then considering how this diversion of resources can be achieved with the minimum of current dislocation and evil after-effects.

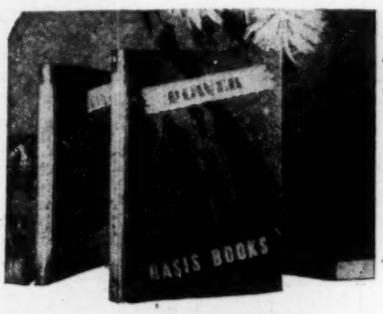
Mr. Durbin's forecasts are not cheering. War services, he estimates, will require 40 per cent. of the total national income, over and above the 25 per cent. which the Government were taking in taxation before war broke out. In terms of consumption the prospect is not quite so bad; for 10 per cent. out of the 40 per cent. can be secured if all private savings are diverted to Government use. But even this leaves not far short of half the proportion of national income *consumed* by the public in time of peace (30 per cent. out of 65 per cent.) to be forgone under war conditions.

I am inclined to regard this estimate as unduly pessimistic, on the ground that it makes too little allowance for the possibilities of increasing total output and thus reducing the proportion of total income which the Government will need to expend. But even if this is so, the problem remains sufficiently formidable. Mr. Durbin argues that the first essential is that the proportion of national income taken in taxation shall be rapidly raised—from the pre-war 25 per cent. to 45 per cent. of the total, thus providing half the total sum which, on his estimate, the Government will need to raise. In an appendix to the book, Mr. Gaitskell puts forward a plan for an annual capital tax, and Mr. Durbin himself discusses briefly certain other projects for new forms of taxation aimed especially at large fortunes. But it is not easy to see how these could in practice contribute more than a little to the huge reduction in total current consumption which Mr. Durbin holds to be necessary.

a new adventure of the mind

TOMORROW will come; already the ideas which will mark it are being worked out. ☆ BASIS BOOKS *is interested in supplying books about ideas—the ideas which are in men's minds to-day and may dominate them to-morrow.* ☆ The facts of Europe since 1919; the incitements of Power; the mathematics of Empire; the projection of Federal Union; the collapse of bread and butter Economics—all these, and more, are dealt with in the first five BASIS BOOKS. The sixth book is a source book giving uniquely the authentic texts of the dynamics—from Communism to Catholicism—which are shaking the world to-day. ☆ BASIS BOOKS *does not want to organize any one into anything but the receipt of books in which he is interested—and that at bargain prices.* ☆ For BASIS BOOKS, in co-operation with publishers, canalizes demand through advance buying organization. This means very substantial saving—and the saving is passed on to subscribers. ☆ *Alongside are listed the first six* BASIS BOOKS. *If you would participate in this march on to-morrow you should sign at once. In order to safeguard its economics against rising prices* BASIS BOOKS *has had to contract in advance for its book production. It has (as it is selling intelligence) calculated conservatively.*

Subscribers only pay 16s.6d. for the whole series available to the general public at much higher prices—six months of vital reading in slim handy form.



The first six BASIS BOOKS

January: FOREIGN AFFAIRS 1919–39, by E. L. Hasluck.

A factual survey, country by country, of a period which 'contains more material for study and comment than is to be found in whole centuries of earlier history.' 366 pp. Cambridge University Press. 8*s.* 6*d.* Basis Books Edition, 2*s.* 9*d.*

Fact!

February: POWER: A NEW SOCIAL ANALYSIS by Bertrand Russell.

'It shifts the attention of philosophers *from high-sounding ideals to the facts of power organization* which determine social processes.'—JOHN MACMURRAY. 328 pp. Allen & Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.* Basis Books Edition, 2*s.* 9*d.*

Power!

March: FEDERATION AND WORLD ORDER by Duncan and Elizabeth Wilson.

'I regard this book as an important contribution to the literature of Federation; and I heartily recommend it to those who rightly demand *to be assured that Federation is not just another Utopian scheme* but a highly practicable experiment in the government of human communities.'—C. E. M. JOAD. Nelson. A new book. Basis Books Edition, 2*s.* 9*d.*

Federation!

April: EUROPE OVERSEAS by S. J. B. Whybrow and H. E. Edwards.

A pioneer book which gives for the first time *a concise factual account of the growth and present position of the empires of the European powers.* 25 maps and a substantial index. 192 pp. Dent. 5*s.* Basis Books Edition, 2*s.* 9*d.*

Empire!

May: THE END OF ECONOMIC MAN by Peter Drucker.

'At last there is a ray of light in the dark chaos.'—J. B. PRIESTLEY. 'Of the great number of excellent books on the European situation to-day, *this is among the most original and important.*'—TANGYE LEAN. 276 pp. Heinemann. 8*s.* 6*d.* Basis Books Edition, 2*s.* 9*d.*

Beyond Economics!

June: THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DOCTRINES OF CONTEMPORARY EUROPE by M. Oakeshott.

No other book in the English language—nor probably in any language—performs this plain service: printing, objectively and without prejudice, the authentic and original texts which outline the tenets of the five main schools of European political thought: Democratic, Communist, National Socialist, Fascist, Catholic. This is a basic book of the highest class—a book which brings the reader face to face with fundamental issues. With a foreword by Professor Ernest Barker. 268 pp. Cambridge University Press. 10*s.* 6*d.* Basis Books Edition, 2*s.* 9*d.*

Dynamics!

new-minted!

Contemporary format is a feature of BASIS BOOKS. The volumes are printed from the type of the original edition. Each book is, however, machined on a smooth, hard, antique paper, bulks five-eighths of an inch. BINDING is in stiff boards covered by an arresting photographic series-design. BASIS BOOKS are designed by people who have a feeling for their job, and are produced by craftsmen in a trade union house. They would be creditable at twice their price.

BASIS BOOKS

Dunham's Lane, Letchworth, Herts

Showrooms: Chandos Place by Charing Cross London

Post to PHOENIX, Dunham's Lane, Letchworth, Herts

★ **ENROL ME IN 'BASIS BOOKS'**

First volume published 25th January; and thereafter on the third Friday in each month.

☐ I enclose 16*s.* 6*d.* for the first six books in Series I.*

☐ I will pay for each book as published at 2*s.* 9*d.* a volume.*

*If you collect your books you will be notified—or you can call—on publication. If books are posted please add 3*d.* per volume.

Please continue my subscription after the First Series providing I am given the opportunity, after seeing your programme for the Second Series, of withdrawing if I wish to do so.

It is important that membership shall not be broken in mid-series. Despite steep rises in material costs the present price is guaranteed for the First Series.

Name and Address

The Phoenix reserves the right, under present economic conditions, to close the list of BASIS BOOKS *subscribers at a figure acceptable to itself.*

I will collect / receive by post from (Bookseller)

Just Out

HANSJÜRGEN KOEHLER

INSIDE THE GESTAPO

The first authoritative and really startling book about this notorious body.

The author worked for several years as an agent of the Gestapo where he was immediately subordinate to Himmler. For a time he was himself in charge of an important section of the German Secret Police, and did a considerable amount of highly confidential work for Hitler, Goering and Himmler. Recently, having quarrelled with his chiefs, he managed to escape from Germany, and is now living "somewhere in Europe."

Contents:

I. The Birth of the Gestapo
II. The Masters of the Gestapo (actual names revealed for the first time)
III. "He must be kidnapped . . ."
IV. Muddle in the Saar
V. "Hansi" and "Ring"
VI. Hell on Earth
VII. The Hunted Hunter
VIII. Goering in Danger
IX. St. Bartholomew's Night—In the Twentieth Century
X. A Handsome Pole
XI. The Fatal File
XII. A Thousand Eyes, a Thousand Ears
XIII. King Carol's Troubles
XIV. The Gentle Art of Murder
XV. The Gestapo in Spain
XVI. I Guard Hitler
XVII. Odds—And the End

10/6 Net

PALLAS PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
12, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

As an alternative to drastic taxation, Mr. Durbin considers the possibility of a direct control of industry by the Government, so managed as to appropriate directly for public use the goods needed for the war, and to pass on only the balance to the consumer. He favours the rapid extension of Government control; but he also points out that methods of public administration cannot be improvised at a moment's notice, and that we can look only for a gradual extension of this method of dealing with the problem. For the rest, he favours a policy of moderate monetary expansion, based on borrowing from the commercial banks—which must for this purpose be brought under effective State control. He rightly points out that borrowing in this form is much less inflationary than borrowing from the Central Bank, and that there is no reason why the banks should not be compelled to lend at rates of interest just sufficient to cover their costs. There is clearly no reason for presenting the bankers with excess profits as a reward for being allowed to create additional money to meet war needs.

This is a very inadequate summary of Mr. Durbin's argument, which cannot indeed be properly summarised within the limits of a brief review. His book is very clearly written and easily understandable by those who are without any knowledge of economic technicalities. If it is too pessimistic, that is a fault on the right side; for assuredly the public in general is still much too optimistic about the possibility of continuing to enjoy a normal income under the conditions of modern warfare. G. D. H. COLE

ALPINE METAPHYSICS

Oberland Dialogues. By DOUGLAS FAWCETT. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

This is a series of "Platonic" dialogues, of which the scene is not the agora of Athens but either a nook in the Oberland Alps or an aeroplane flying above them. The magnificent scenery, admirably illustrated by fifteen photographs, appears to have inspired the speakers to metaphysical flights, in which they attempt to solve the great riddle of Reality, and to penetrate beyond Appearance. Inevitably the report of their discussions is difficult, particularly to those who, like the present reviewer, have not read Mr. Fawcett's earlier works: and the difficulty is increased by the daring of his speculations—worthy of a man who at sixty-eight took out a pilot's licence and began to fly over those mountains which he had once scaled on foot.

To analyse such a work in a mere review is, of course, impossible; it must be read and re-read by those who are interested in the search for the Absolute. Mr. Fawcett's guide is not Reason but what he calls Imaginism, a quality which he ascribes to God and which, in tiny measure, he regards as the "image" in which God created man. Not all his readers will agree with him, and indeed he himself provides disagreement in the person of a Nazi professor, whose objections are vigorously put: and Mr. Fawcett wisely allows that his ideas, suggestive as they are, are tentative. He has, for example, to solve the riddle of changeableness as posited in an unchangeable God—perhaps, as he himself confesses in a quotation from J. S. Mackenzie, the hardest of all philosophical riddles.

I must express my surprise that in a most learned book, crowded with classical and other citations, the phrase "cui bono?" should twice be used as if it meant "what's the good of it?" and that Mr. Fawcett should apparently not know that Carlyle's comparison of man to "a forked radish with a head fantastically carved" is borrowed from Falstaff's description of Mr. Justice Shallow. Even metaphysicians are human.

E. E. KELLETT

Menacing Sun. By MONA GARDNER. *John Murray.* 15*s.*

This book of travel in the Far East is written by a woman who approaches her subject with an attitude of warm appreciation. Japan impresses her as a nation wrapped up in pathetic and fanatical devotion to a supreme power which exploits the best and worst of human qualities for a course which can only lead to ruin. The author sums up her reflections in two words "bushido and photography." The first might be easily forgotten outside Japan but the cameramen are omnipresent from Tokyo to Singapore. It is difficult to understand the Japanese passion for photography unless they believe in the Jesuitical method of visualising scenes of future conquest.

French Indo-China presents a scene of ancient and decadent grandeur behind a façade of big business. The French appear to colonise in a haphazard manner with as little interference as possible in things as they find them. Siam, on the other hand, is a young and thriving democracy that has put aside its honoured past and stepped out into the tide of social progress under the enlightened leadership of Phya Bahol, one-time

Paris student and colonel in the Siamese army. Siam is not pro-Japanese, but like all small unprotected nations must make the best terms it can with the potential aggressor.

There is a subversive Japanese menace in the Malay States which takes the form of mysterious arms stores in apparently innocent tin mines, but the naval base is well equipped to combat any encroachments. At Sungei Buloh the Pasteur Institute struggles with the older but equally incipient menace of leprosy. There are some five thousand patients and it should be of international interest to know that what the world spends on armaments in one day would cleanse it of the age-old scourge.

The author reserves her finest literary efforts for Ceylon, whose past glories and present enchantment are described with skill. Here the emotional background of the writer's attitude is most apparent. In India Miss Gardner leaves nature for politics but brings the same romantic mind with which she has appraised ancient splendour to bear upon modern squalor. Her appreciation of the leading Indian politicians is generous if not altogether accurate. Gandhi receives his usual tribute of incredulous admiration, and the author sees in him "the head, hands, and heart" of the Congress Party. A whole chapter is devoted to "the Tragic Nehru" and the student allegiance is attributed to "his sad, lost-soul eyes and fastidious Cambridge accent." Miss Gardner tends to be superficial, but she makes one shrewd generalisation. While the French coloniser retains the reins of government securely in his own hands he honours all men with his friendship, but the British dole out independence in careful instalments and assume an aloof superiority which is a permanent spiritual insult.

Horizon.

The second number of this new periodical is just as lively as its predecessor. Sir Hugh Walpole's recollections of Henry James are excellent, and one wishes them longer. Mr. Stephen Spender's diary of the beginning of the war is very personal—verging, indeed, upon the solipsistic—and therefore highly curious. It will be interesting if other writers can be induced to display in *Horizon* the same degree of Frankness. A story by G. F. Green is successfully mysterious, while poems by George Barker and Day Lewis, and a review by George Orwell, are vigorous and most enjoyable. An editorial comment upon criticisms of the first number reveals both modesty and determination. Mr. Connolly has already shown in his editing a catholicity of taste greater than some of his readers expected.

BOOKS TO COME

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *The Last Rally*, due from Cassell on January 25th, is a study of Charles II with its starting point in the development of the struggle between the monarchy and the "money powers."

In 1867, Lady Brownlow, a daughter of the second Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, published a small book of reminiscences which so pleased her public that she compiled a further volume which was unfortunately never published. The whole collection of these period pieces which give a picture of society in transition from Regency to Victorianism will be published in one volume by Murray on January 24th.

For the same date this firm announces *The Locks of Norbury*, by the Duchess of Sermoneta, a descendant of the famous family who inhabited Norbury Park, near Dorking, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. One of its members, Charles Lock, who became Consul at Naples, had a remarkable quarrel with Nelson and Lady Hamilton here recorded.

The Pallas Publishing Company have taken over the publishing rights of *Inside the Gestapo* by Hansjurgen Koehler from Messrs. Jarrolds and will issue this record of the Gestapo's work, organisation and attitude on January 25th. The author is described as the former right-hand man of Himmler and Heyden. The publishers state that after thorough investigation into the reliability of his dates, statements, etc., they are convinced of the book's authenticity.

Mr. William Gallacher, M.P., who has already recorded his experiences with some vivacity in *Revolt on the Clyde*, is the author of *The Chosen Few*, a sketch of men and events in Parliament coming from Lawrence and Wishart on January 23rd. On the same date this firm is publishing *Trials of British Freedom*, which begins with Wilkes and includes chapters on Tom Paine, Chartism, the Tolpuddle Martyrs, Bradlaugh and the trials of the twelve Communists in 1925.

Mr. R. H. Wilenski's *Modern French Painters* comes from Faber and Faber on February 1st. A handsome volume with 135 half-tone illustrations, it is a history of modern French painting from the Realist and Impressionist Movements to Surrealism considered in relation to social, political and artistic life in Paris from the Second Empire to the present time. Mr. Wilenski describes the pictures, books, plays, ballets, etc., of the day in a kind of Parisian diary.

On the same date Fabers publish the autobiography of Miss Anne Meredith, the novelist, who also writes detective stories under the pseudonym of Anthony Gilbert.

A Bookseller Looks Back is the story of Bain's bookshop by James Stoddart Bain and an account of a family whose whole lives were devoted to books. With a foreword by Hugh Walpole, it comes from Macmillan on January 23rd.

On January 30th Allen and Unwin will publish *The Blue Grove*, by W. G. Archer, a study of folk song among the Uraons, a Central Indian tribe, which contains English renderings of the poems which accompany

Four successful new novels

CITIZEN
of
WESTMINSTER
by Joan Morgan

"The story is neatly contrived, and its people are shrewdly etched in . . . an unusually good first novel." RALPH STRAUS (*Sunday Times*)

"An ingenious theme . . . should rejoice those who wish to know that big flats are not the last word in civilisation." FRANK SWINNERTON (*Observer*)

"A live, skilful tale, with a pleasantly new flavour." PHILIP PAGE (*Daily Mail*)

"A first novel of rather exceptional accomplishment." JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY

ERRAND FOR A LADY
by Mary Bache

"A gay, historical novel . . . lightly told but makes easy and agreeable reading." SUSAN ERTZ (*Sunday Times*)

"This is a fine old-fashioned cloak-and-sword romance." TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FROZEN MUSIC
by Bernard J. Farmer

A typical story of the times, depicting the ever-present struggle between the "progressive" builder and the conservative "landed gentry." The struggle in this entertaining book, is further complicated by the falling in love of the children of the local "Montagues and Capulets."

TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY
by Geoffrey Palmer

The title is symbolical. It typifies the average standard of conduct. Readers will enjoy meeting the little group of ardent spirits, imprisoned in a conventional and narrow-minded English village, who scandalise their community by their courage and independence.

On Monday next
Shamus Frazer's
new novel
GOODNIGHT SWEET LADIES

CHAPMAN & HALL

Uraon marriages and dancing. Mr. Arthur Waley has written a foreword. Allen and Unwin also announce for this day *Tight Corners*, a series of first-hand stories of adventures on land, on sea and in the air which include accounts of the *Titanic* disaster, a climber's anxious hours in an Everest blizzard, the escapes of a steeplejack and an airman's ten days in the Sudanese swamps. Sir Alan Cobham is a contributor.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

About Motoring

CHOOSING A SMALL CAR

WHAT with Budget imposts on horsepower and rationed petrol, many motorists are compelled to buy smaller cars at an age when advancing years often suggest a car of increased dimensions. The choice of a small car is in reality quite a delicate matter, though one might suppose that any eight or any ten would suit a customer as well as its rivals, considering how standardised design has become in its main elements. For example, both life and performance vary very appreciably indeed. In the 10 h.p. class we can choose between a four-speeded car with a rather high compression engine and a three-speeder with a comparatively sedate power unit. The latter will normally wear much more slowly than its livelier rival, require decarbonisation at longer intervals, and demand less frequent adjustment of valve clearances. It should also retain its pristine mechanical quietness more tenaciously, and with less tinkering. But it will be somewhat sluggish on the road. When it is asked to overtake a slower craft, it will need a longer straight, and cannot accelerate at all viciously. Over the kind of country which includes long grades of no particular steepness, a baulk will often bring it off top gear, and the wide gap between second and third speed will make it difficult to regain top until the grade eases. Amidst genuinely steep hills in the West or North, it will often be reduced to a slow grind on bottom gear. By contrast, the four-speeded car, though less durable in every respect, will be from 10-15 miles an hour faster on the flat, and will therefore jump into moderate high speed (such as 50 m.p.h.) far more readily, and run less fussily at that speed. On easy hills third gear is available, and maintains speed; on steep hills, second gear will usually suffice. An impatient owner will infinitely prefer the livelier car, but a dawdler would be better suited by the sedate three-speeder.

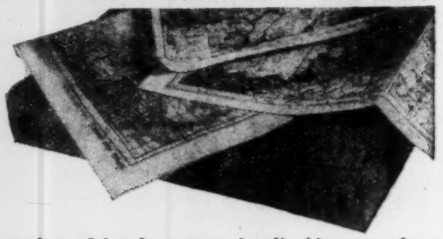
Where every penny matters, both tax and fuel consumption should be closely studied. Some of the sevens and eights will actually accomplish close on fifty miles on a gallon of fuel. The best tens will do forty miles, the best twelves thirty-five miles, and so on. The taxes, the tyre costs, and the insurance premiums are all in strict proportion. There is no substantial difference in average speed between an eight and a ten; the more powerful car will always save a few minutes on a long run if both are driven in similar fashion; but what are a few minutes on a journey occupying three hours? The decisive aspect of this cost question is, in fact, more a question of car dimensions than of car speed; and in the measurements of the bodies quite surprising differences exist. When a prospective buyer is studying a catalogue, he will find small black-and-white sketches of the body outlines, both in elevation and plan, adorned with innumerable measurements. He will usually ignore these sketches, but they are possibly the most important item in the booklet, especially if the buyer be middle-aged and well-nourished. Here is a typical contrast, relating to a couple of the best known tens. Car A measures 49½ inches across the interior of the rear body; but Car B no more than 40½ inches; and nine inches make a lot of difference when two people are huddled together all day, or all week, especially in warm weather. The internal height of the body of Car A from floor to roof is 49½ inches, but of Car B only 44½ inches; and 5 inches are important to a tall man when he takes a humpbacked bridge rather too fast. The maximum driver's leg stretch on Car A is only 42½ inches, but on Car B can be adjusted between 46 and 41 inches. In the front compartment Car A claims 6 inches more width than Car B. If the buyer intends to convey a full load of four passengers quite frequently, the most vital item of all such measurements is the clearance between the rear right-hand passenger's knees and the back of the front seat, when the front seat is adjusted to fit the usual driver. On some small cars, the setting of the front seat to fit a tall driver reduces the person behind him to the very extremity of discomfort. Moreover, a wide range of seat adjustment for the driver is quite useless unless the steering column is adjustable for rake and also for length. Nothing is more wretched than a long drive with the arms extended to grasp a distant steering wheel, unless it be to feel the knees of your stern passenger against your back over every bump, or to be that rear passenger and to acquire definite tenderness succeeded by actual callosities on both knees after a motoring holiday. Study of such measurements should be followed by a trial run, with the buyer at the wheel, and either a typical or the usual passenger occupying the seat immediately behind him.

Hardly less important is the question of comfort. A small car has a short wheelbase and cheap shock absorbers. No matter how carefully it is designed, Bugatti always excepted, it cannot hope to achieve the comfort of a more expensive car with expensive upholstery, a long wheelbase, and costly shock absorbers. But even in the limits of the small car field, sharp contrasts in comfort are common. It is always worth while paying the two or three pounds charged for a superior type of cushion, such as the Dunlopillo; for comfort on board a small car is so delicately poised that at the best far more accurate tyre inflation is essential than a casual owner of a 20 h.p. troubles to secure.

Luggage accommodation is a problem with any small four-seated car when occupied by four people. There will not, in any case, be room for proper night luggage; and golf clubs aboard such a car are a horrible nuisance when all seats are full. Accessory dealers offer every imaginable sort of luggage carrier to extend the standard locker space, but such excrescences still further reduce the performance, and impair the efficiency of the suspension. It is questionable whether more than two people should ever occupy an eight or a ten on any trip which entails carrying luggage; the choice should rest between two people with luggage, or four people without real luggage. Indeed, for serious touring and long-distance work, a secondhand 12 h.p. car is always a better buy than a new eight or ten, convenient as the latter may be for local journeys, shopping, and other brief occupations. Owing to the petrol shortage and the numerous sales by men called up for the services, the present is an excellent moment to buy a second-hand car in good condition at rockbottom price for prolonged ownership; and the economy thus procured can be set off against the increased horsepower tax, which is extremely unlikely ever to

Serial Maps

THE NEW IDEA



The 'extremely useful and competently edited' maps welcomed by 'Critic' in last week's London Diary are produced for subscribers to THE SERIAL MAP SERVICE.

Appreciating the compulsions of geography in world affairs, and realizing that man is as ill served by maps as he is well served by words, the Service began last September to produce each month (in co-operation with George Philip & Son) groups of current affairs maps in full colour, accompanied by expert commentary. From these maps, severely objective and packed with compressed information, subscribers can, in 'Critic's' words, 'learn more than geography.' They provide, for a small annual subscription, a means of keeping in touch with the geography behind history, and will eventually become a remarkable modern atlas in parts.

We shall be happy to send a specimen map free, and a prospectus of the Service, to readers of the *New Statesman* who apply promptly to

THE SERIAL MAP SERVICE
Dunham's Lane, Letchworth, Herts
or at Phoenix, Chandos Place, by Charing Cross

"We hired the money – they hired the soldiers"

by

LORD BEAVERBROOK

There is an immense demand in the country for reprints of Lord Beaverbrook's article on the American War Debt.

It has had a striking effect on those who hitherto have been confused by the absence of data and background leading up to Britain's decision that she could not pay.

This article is the first clear, concise statement of all the circumstances. On that account it is a most valuable record, and the reading of it should be encouraged as widely as possible.

Copies of the pamphlet are obtainable free of charge and post free, on application to the Daily Express, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please mark your envelope "War Debts."

Then, life was natural, simple and full. To-day it is complicated, exhausting and nerve-racking. Your body is fighting an unequal struggle. Luckily, as the article below shows, 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food can restore the balance.

How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

In warfare, every new offensive weapon is quickly met by an effective method of defence. Poison gas brings the gas mask, more perfect aeroplanes are countered by bigger and better anti-aircraft guns, and so on. Luckily, science has already perfected an antidote to the latest form of warfare—the war of nerves. It is called 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. *During the last war a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that 'Sanatogen' "is a national necessity for preserving good nerves."*

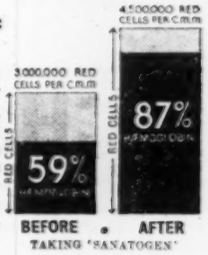
To-day, his statement is supported by more than 25,000 doctors who have written in praise of 'Sanatogen'. Ask *your* doctor about the effects of continued nervous strain. He will tell you that the strain can only be countered by adequate nerve-nourishment; that this nourishment is best supplied by organic phosphorus and protein.

'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food gives these elements in their simplest, most readily assimilable form—a form so pure and so easily digested that it can be taken, with benefit, by everyone—even invalids, small children and diabetics. Just as 'Genasprin' is accepted by the medical profession as the finest and most efficacious of all brands of analgesics, so is 'Sanatogen' recognised as being pre-eminent in its field.

If your nerves are getting the better of you, start a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food at once. But don't wait until the enemy's attack has weakened you. Start building your defence line *now*. By putting yourself and your family on an eight weeks' course at once, you will be safely entrenched behind a wall of assured resistance. Buy a family jar to-day

Tests prove that 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food builds rich, red blood.

Among many interesting cases in which 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food has been used in the treatment of anæmia, is one reported by—*M.D., M.B., D.P.H.* It showed that after one month's use of 'Sanatogen' there was an increase in red cells from three million per c.mm. to four and a half million per c.mm. The count at the beginning of the treatment showed only 59% hæmoglobin. *At the end of a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, 87% hæmoglobin was reported—an increase of 28%.*



'SANATOGEN'

A brand of Casein and Sodium-Glycerophosphate

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The words 'SANATOGEN' and 'GENASPRIN' are the Registered Trade Marks of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

be reduced again. Perhaps the present moment is actually a shade early, as the true slump in secondhand values has not yet approached its peak, except in respect of high horsepowers—20 h.p. and over. Splendid bargains in cars between 12 h.p. and 16 h.p. will shortly become very numerous indeed, and fine examples, evincing little perceptible wear, will soon be available at no more than the cost of a new eight or ten. R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 519

Set by G. W. Stonier

The habit of setting inscriptions, mostly Latin tags, on public buildings might be varied with something lighter and more topical, in English. We offer the usual prizes of £2 2s. and half a guinea for the aptest verses (not more than 10 lines) which might be hung to catch the eye of visitors to the Houses of Parliament, a London railway terminus, a Palais de Danse, the B.B.C., the Bank of England, Transport House, the offices of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, the new Waterloo Bridge or Southend Pier.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Jan. 26th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 517

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for a set of six Apocryphal sayings of Dr. Johnson on : The N. E. D., Psycho-analysis, Electric Light, Buchmanism, Insulin, the B.B.C.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

Dr. Johnson returned to life last week with his pungency undiminished and his fertility, apparently, unimpaired. Stunned with the mass of his apocryphal *dicta*, I came to the conclusion that just as everyone is supposed to have one novel at his command, so everyone has a couple of Johnsoniana. But not necessarily more ; and that made the task of selection easier. The best single saying I considered to be P. G. Espinasse's on the B.B.C., which I give below together with several others not among the prizewinners.

THE N. E. D. :

In this work, Sir, Oxford Scholarship attains its zenith, and lexicography its apogee. Although my humble labours are thereby eclipsed, he who peruses its pages will observe that the eclipse is but partial.—(E. W. Fordham.)

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS :

Turning to the scoffer he replied : "Psycho-analysis deems your every action to be lewd : in that it is correct."—(Charles Furbank.)

Sir, It is the making up of other men's minds by those who have none of their own.—(Desmond Cooper.)

Give prurience a new name, Sir, and it is prurience still.—(P. G. Espinasse.)

Behind the flamboyant façade of its uncomprehensible terminology there may be a grain of wisdom. But, Sir (looking round on the company with a quizzical smile) my subconscious refuses to believe it.—(W. J. Halliday.)

INSULIN :

We spoke this evening of a new discovery, of which all are talking, for combating the ill of diabetes. Johnson took no part in the conversation, and I tried to draw him by wondering what was his opinion on the matter. Sir, he replied, you may wonder.—(Alixandre.)

No, Sir, you are wrong. The discovery of insulin *was* a major triumph of medical science. Because you and I are no scientists, that is not a reason for disparaging science.—(W. J. Halliday.)

THE B.B.C. :

But, Sir, you cannot please everybody, and I don't blame 'em for not pleasing me. I don't blame my cat Hodge for being unable to recite Pope.—(J. C. Brooks.)

Mrs. Williams and Francis enjoy it.—(R. S. Jeffray.)

Why, Sir, the fellows do as well as may be. We would all eat of the Tree now, and someone must hand us the Fruit.—(Alixandre).

It is less to be lamented that Freedom should die, than that her death should be audible.—(P. G. Espinasse.)

ELECTRIC LIGHT :

A man cannot think in a glare.—(Redling.)

Electric Light is as it should be.—(Charles Furbank.)

Is not Fleet Street light enough ?—(R. S. Jeffray.)

BUCHMANISM :

I do not understand in what way these young men are serving the cause of true religion when they seize me by the arm and call me Sammy.—(J. C. B. Date.)

This is miserable stuff. If a man cannot get to heaven without perfect truth, purity and love, depend upon it, sir, there will be much vacuity there. And, Sir, although I may choose to share my property with my friends, my sins I will share only with my Maker.—(E. W. Fordham.)

Finally, I decided to pool the prizes and divide them between Mario Francelli, A. K. Milne and Little Billee.

The conversation turning upon Buchmanism, I argued that every great reformer was in his life-time scorned, ridiculed, and impugned as to his honesty. JOHNSON : "Your observation has some ground. But—" he added, with that acumen I could never enough admire, "No truly great man had ever, in his own life-time, so many disciples." I was advised not to support my argument with the immortal reference.

Divers persons had attempted to draw from him some opinion of the New English Dictionary, which he was supposed secretly to resent ; but on this matter he observed an unaccustomed silence. Once in private, however, he confessed to me that he considered that remarkable work a patriotic achievement which it would be irrelevant to admire, presumptuous to commend, and reckless to consult.

(Insulin.) Sir, It is an offence against religious proportion to suppose that by decreasing life in a lower we may increase it in a higher animal.

In the hope that the doctor might entertain the possibility of being psycho-analysed himself, I would discourse to him often and at length upon the advantages and the methods of this wondrous science. JOHNSON : "From your account I perceive, sir, that the general method of this science is to substitute its own childishness for that of its patient." And again : "Is man then not content to be in his Maker's image but he must presume to remake himself in his own image ?"

Of electric light he said : "Sir, it is man's only successful disguise." And he would go on to describe how much more concrete and popular

A remarkable literary work

CHINA IN PEACE & WAR

by the wife of China's leader

Madame Chiang Kai-chek

(May-ling Soong Chiang)

"Not a page but shows unconquerable and intelligent purpose."

Lady Hosie in The Observer. Illustrated 16/-

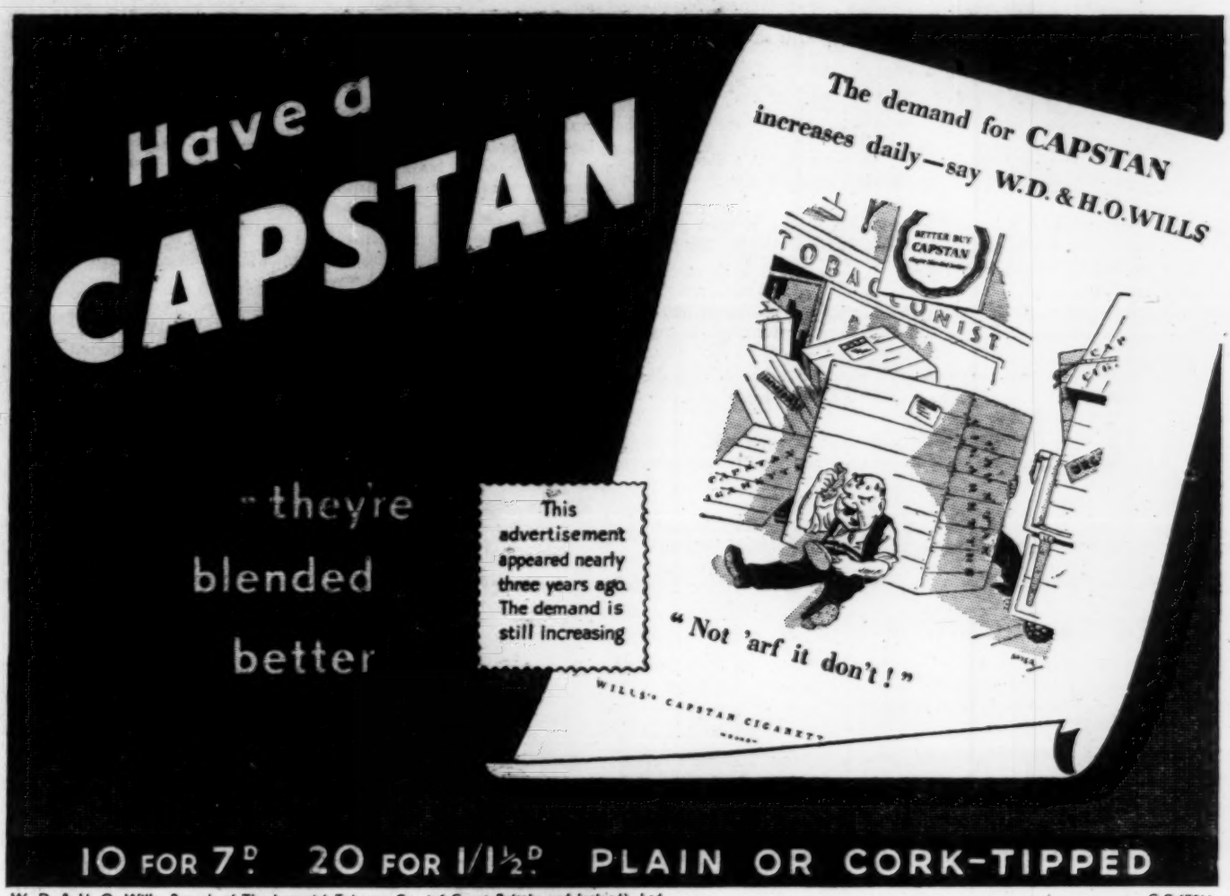
HURST & BLACKETT

Through the generosity of a reader, a friend of Finland, a copy of

THE INVASION OF FINLAND

will be sent free to the first 500 *New Statesman* readers who apply for it. This pamphlet is based on official documents and published (at 3d.) by the Finnish Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Applications should have the words 'FINNISH WHITE PAPER' on the TOP left hand corner and should be addressed to Simpkin Marshall, Ltd., Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.4.


Have a
CAPSTAN
"they're blended better
The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily—say W.D. & H.O. WILLS
This advertisement appeared nearly three years ago. The demand is still increasing
"Not 'arf it don't!"
10 FOR 7D 20 FOR 1/1½D PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED
W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.
C.C.670H

London Amusements

OPERA & BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. 2*d.* bus fr. Piccadilly. (Ter. 1672.) 9*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* Next Week: TUES., at 7, BALLET (Les Rendezvous, Dante Sonata —New Production, Checkmate). WED., at 7, BALLET (Sleeping Princess). THURS., at 2.30, BALLET (Les Sylphides, Dante Sonata, Horoscope). THURS., at 7, IL TROVATORE. FRI., at 7, BALLET (Rake's Progress, Les Patineurs, Dante Sonata). SAT., at 2.30, DIE FLEDERMAUS. SAT., at 7, BALLET (Sleeping Princess).

THEATRES

COMEDY. (Whi. 2578.)
TWICE NIGHTLY at 6.45 & 9.15 p.m.
THE BARE IDEA.
A Farcical Comedy. By Gordon Sherry.

KINGSWAY. (Hol. 5642.) Eves. 7.45 (Except Mon.) Matinees, Wed. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.
Esme Percy, Joyce Redman, Jack Livesay.
Prices from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* All Bookable.

MERCURY at Notting Hill Gate, W.11. (Park 5700.) Evenings (ex. Mon.) at 8.0. Matinees, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
MANDRAGOLA A Gay Comedy by MACHIAVELLI.
"Civilised gaiety, intellectual vigour."—*The Times.*
50th perf. Feb. 3. Mulled Claret at Bar.

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. EVENINGS at 7.30.
WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30. Final perf. Jan 27
JUDGMENT DAY
London's Greatest Thrill. 1/6 to 8/6

PICCADILLY. (Ger. 4506.) 7.45. Wd., Th., S., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS.
THE CORN IS GREEN
A COMEDY BY EMLYN WILLIAMS.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.40. Th. & Sat., 2.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
SPOTTED DICK
A new farce by BEN TRAVERS.
'YOU WILL LAUGH AND LAUGH AND LAUGH."

THEATRES—continued

TAVISTOCK LITTLE. Tavistock Place, W.C.1.
EVGS. (ex. Mon.), 7.30. Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
"THE WIDOW OF WINDSOR."
By Consuelo de Reyes.
Produced by NANCY PRICE.
All seats bookable, 1*s.* 3*d.* to 5*s.* EUS. 2796.

TORCH. (Slo. 9966.) Nightly, ex. Mon., at 8.0.
Tuesday, Jan. 23rd, till Sunday, Feb. 4th.
KILLYCREGGS IN TWILIGHT
by LENNOX ROBINSON.
Produced by W. G. FAY.
Members (1*s.* p.a.) only. Prices 5*s.* 9*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 9*d.*

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 7.30.
TURN UP THE LIGHTS
A Show to send you home singing.
Members only. 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. (Sub. 1/- p.a. Share 1/-.)

VICTORIA PALACE. Vic. 1317. 3rd YEAR.
TWICE NIGHTLY, 5.45 and 8.0.
LUPINO LANE in
ME AND MY GIRL
with TEDDIE ST. DENIS

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 8/6 to 2/6, bookable.
Wed. next and nightly (ex. Mon.), 8.0. W., Th., S., 2.30.
BEATRIX LEHMANN in EUGENE O'NEILL'S
DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

FILMS

ACADEMY Cinema, 165 Oxford St. Ger. 2981
SACHA GUITRY
in his amusing historical diversion
"REMONTONS LES CHAMPS ELYSEES" (A)
Magnificent Spectacle and Sparkling Wit.

EXHIBITION

FIFTEEN WOMEN PAINTERS
and Exhibition of paintings of ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE by HENRY CORNELL.
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–5.30.

DANCE

A BRIGHTER NIGHT FOR LONDON LABOUR. London Labour Party's Silver Jubilee Reunion, PORCHESTER HALL, Paddington, W. (near Royal Oak Underground station) NEXT SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, at 7 p.m. Tickets: single 2*s.*, double 3*s.* 6*d.*, from London Labour Party, 258-262 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1, or AT THE DOORS.

RESTAURANTS

GREEK RESTAURANT. The White Tower, 1 Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road. Museum 2187. For Greek and Near Eastern food and wines at their best. Shashliks, Stuffed Vine-leaves, Raki, Retsina wine, etc. Business as usual. Open on Sundays.

WHATEVER your way of political thinking. Rules provide excellent eating and drinking. RULES, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (licensed till midnight). Estab. 1780.

A.R.P. yourself at The Book Wine Restaurant facing British Museum, where you can also read "The New Statesman" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, Etc.
For Sale and To Let

TO LET. Peaceful and safe. Angmering, near Littlehampton. Comfortably furnished cottage, 2 bedrooms (sleep 6), kitchen, bath, electric light, indoor sanitation; 2 minutes sea and shops. £1 per week. Reduction for long let. Box 6676.

PENNY BRIDGE, near Ulverston. Warm, furnished, modern cottage. Enchanting views. Two double bedrooms. Hot water; electricity; w.c.; garage. 3 *gns.* weekly. SILCOCK, 93 Harcourt Road, Sheffield.

FOR SALE. Safest area. Sunny Chilterns, 2 miles Great Missenden. Brick bungalow: 2 sitting-rooms, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, wash-basins, electricity, telephone. One or two acres. £1,350, or let furnished. Apply: LELACHEUR, Speen, Aylesbury.

CHARMING HAMPSTEAD cottage with garden, near Heath. To let unfurnished. £95 exclusive. Box 6699.

W.8 DISTRICT. Non-basement house, quiet street, 6 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, fitted cupboards, boiler, etc. Very moderate rent to approved tenant. 'Phone: Western 8241. Box 6615.

FRESH FRUIT

96 JAFFA Grapefruit 25*s.* 6*d.*, or 180 Oranges 26*s.* 6*d.* "Pardess," Rex [or "Lord" Brands. Mixed Case 28*s.* Carriage Paid. STEAD AND SON, 124 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Hol. 7478.

JAFFA ORANGES. Case 180 Finest Juicy, 21*s.* Case 80 Large Seedless Grapefruit, 23*s.* Case half Oranges, half Grapefruit, 23*s.* Box 40 lb. Finest Dessert Apples, 17*s.* Carriage paid. Cash with order. SUN-RIPE FRUIT, W20 Pierhead, Liverpool.

was the service of science than that of art. "Though for my own part," he concluded, "I had rather be without good light to sit up by, than without good books to sit up with."

(B.B.C.) He professed not to know whether he most admired the catholicity of its taste or the singularity of its accent.

MARIO FRANCELLI

THE N.E.D.:

This is carrying drudgery too far, Sir. Of what use is a dictionary which a man cannot take with him, except on a brewer's dray?

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS:

Sir, if a quack chooses to play Peeping Tom behind a brass plate, and extort confessions from women, the law does not forbid it. But they should not pay him; *he* should pay *them*.

ELECTRIC LIGHT:

A fool at Battersea trips over a cable, and half a million citizens must dine in the dark. This is not progress, Sir, it is stark lunacy.

BUCHMANISM:

Sir, Buchman is an American, and has a great following among the Colonials. I could say worse of a man than this, but I would not.

INSULIN:

To argue that God is thwarted when a diabetic is saved from death, is very well—very well indeed. Such hypocrisy can best be cured by an attack of diabetes.

THE B.B.C.:

Sir, much of their stuff is third-rate. But their audience is fourth-rate; and thus a reasonable degree of education is attained. A. K. MILNE

THE N.E.D.:

Why Sir, I did what one man could do; and there are many who would rather enjoy the shade of a solitary oak-tree in the meadow than have to find their way through the inspissated thickets of an interminable forest.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS:

I wish to hold the key to my own bosom until Judgment Day. There may be dark secrets lying there, like sleeping dogs; but I should thank no man to whistle 'em up for me and set 'em all a-barking.

ELECTRIC LIGHT:

Whenever I stretch forth my hand and say "Let there be light!" and there is light, I am assured that man is indeed made in the image of the Creator.

BUCHMANISM:

It is well for a Christian to confess his sins to his Maker in the silence of the closet; but to profess them before a *house-party* gathered in the parlour is the part of a fool or a Pharisee.

INSULIN:

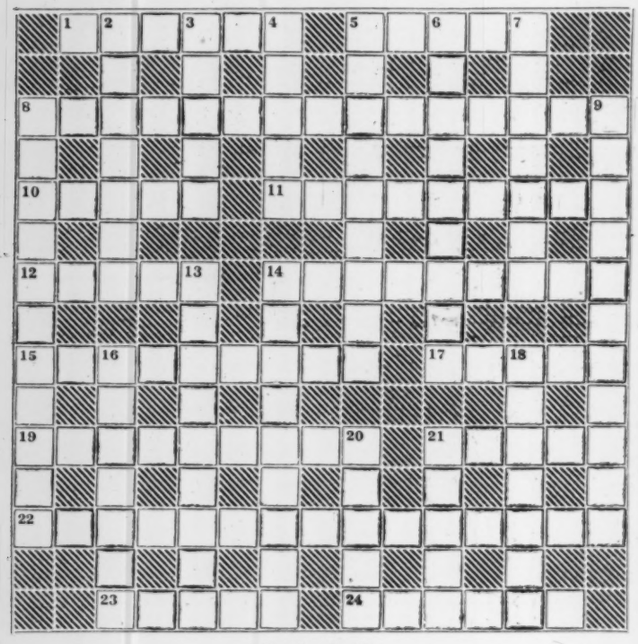
This is a marvel that the doctors have done. Yet what a *sad dog* must that be who finds he has yielded his *pancreas* for nought but to add a few years to the unfruitful existence of some unnecessary Whig!

THE B.B.C.:

Why no, Sir! I cannot thank this Corporation. A man cannot hold conversation with a *valve*. It is all take and no give; and we are told that the giving is the more blessed part. "LITTLE BILLEE"

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 515

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later that first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

C. N. Ross, 90 Greenhill, N.W.3

ACROSS

1. Hitler's prototype. (6)
5. The vapourings of sages. (5)
8. Plants for girls' hairdressing? (15)
10. Timely runners. (5)
11 (rev.) Where to play on Midsummer Night. (9)
12. Packed by hand. (5)
14. Drops a missile on Pluto's realm. (9)
15. One has only a nodding acquaintance with this country. (9)
17. Heraldic comb. (5)
19. An agitated client let in by the back way. (9)
21. A slip of the cat's tongue? (5)
22. "Number engaged" signals. (15)
23. To rhyme with 16. (5)
24. Split it indeed? (6)

DOWN

2. Progressive condition of one who "was a chubby lad." (7)
3. Thoughtful aside. (5)
4. Among cheeses, gorgonzola, cheddar and stilton are the chief favourites. (5)
5 (rev.) If you turn it round you will see it's "Made in Eng." (9)
6. Such notes would not be "*billets doux*." (9)
7. How beggarmen write. (7)
8. The Galop no doubt. (11)
9. They do not bear horse chestnuts, but chestnut horses may bear them. (11)
13. What A.R.P. wardens watch out to do after dark. (9)
14. Campbell was not the Parliamentary standard bearer. (9)
16 (rev.) Not the sort of job to do in slacks of course. (7)
18. The layout first to last. (7)
20. Involved getting properly strung up. (5)
21. At it freely. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

F	I	S	H	G	I	G	■	S	W	A	B	B	E	D
L	■	P	■	N	■	L	■	T	■	S	■	A	■	R
A	M	A	T	I	■	I	N	N	I	S	F	R	E	E
P	■	R	■	H	■	M	■	E	■	I	■	O	■	S
P	A	R	I	S	H	M	A	G	A	Z	I	N	E	S
E	■	I	■	A	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	M	■	E
R	E	N	E	W	E	R	■	R	E	S	C	U	E	S
■	■	G	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	■
A	M	P	L	I	F	Y	■	C	H	A	N	C	E	S
C	■	A	■	N	■	F	■	A	■	T	■	H	■	H
C	H	R	I	S	T	I	A	N	S	A	W	A	K	E
U	■	T	■	E	■	T	■	T	■	V	■	U	■	L
S	O	N	G	C	Y	C	L	E	■	I	T	S	O	T
E	■	E	■	T	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	E	■	E
S	T	R	O	S	E	R	■	S	E	M	I	N	A	R

BOOKS are not one of the luxuries you can do without. In war-time they are more than ever a necessity—and reading is still the cheapest and best of all pleasures.

Exchange your Book Tokens at Bumpus

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.

BOOKSELLERS SINCE 1790

477 OXFORD ST., W.1

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

3d. a word for single insertions, 4d. for words in CAPS (except the first). Lines in CAPS 1s. 9d. Series discounts 5% for 3 insertions, 10% for 13, 15% for 26, 20% for 52. Minimum 12 words. Box Number 1s. extra. Box No. replies should be addressed "Box No. . . ." C/o N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1. All small advertisements MUST BE PREPAID and copy should arrive by Tuesday.

Subscription Rates appear on page 91.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10, Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1.

SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY. Two scholarships of £50 and two of £25 will be awarded annually in March for September. Applications should be made before February 15th.

A DEGREE IS POSSIBLE FOR YOU! Matriculation exam. no longer a hindrance; degree candidates over 23 may take shorter Special Entrance. Wolsey Hall will prepare you by post. Free loan of books; tuition continued *free* if you fail; low fees. 935 Successes at Spec. Ent.—Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

DARTINGTON HALL SCHOOL, Totnes, Devon. Teacher Training Department under Miss Margaret Isherwood, M.A., N.F.U. Preparation for Froebel Teacher's Certificate if desired.

DEFEAT WORRY, DISCOURAGEMENT AND BOREDOM by using the School of General Culture. Modern Languages. Personality Development. Music and Drama. Box 6673.

THE PROFESSION WITH NO UNEMPLOYMENT
Complete Teachers' Training for Girls
in all branches of Physical Education,
Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming.
ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE
A recognised training centre for the Diploma of the University of London in Physical Education, also for the Certificate of the Chartered Society in Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
Particulars from: THE SECRETARY, Anstey College Erdington, Birmingham.

EVERYONE CAN LEARN TO PAINT IN ARTHUR SEGAL'S PAINTING STUDIO for Professionals and Non-Professionals, transferred from London to Oxford. Classes for Artists and Amateurs. Individual tuition. Week-end Classes.
Courses for psychological occupational therapy by painting (special method).—Particulars: 183 Banbury Road, Oxford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN

LECTURER IN GEOGRAPHY

Applications are invited for the post of lecturer in the department of Geography. The appointment will be for a period not exceeding three years and the salary will be at the rate of £400 per annum.
Applications must reach the SECRETARY, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2 (from whom forms of application and a memorandum giving further particulars may be obtained), not later than February 5th, 1940. Applicants, in addition to submitting copies of testimonials, must give the names of three referees.

"THE COUNTRYMAN," Idbury, Kingham, Oxford, may shortly require a woman (or man over military age) of character, education, energy and initiative for its Advertising Department. Must have some interest in and knowledge of business, be able to compose and type well a distinctive letter, and have address, shorthand and an appreciation of rural life and a worth while job.

COMFORTABLE home with literary family, and small salary, offered to young woman refugee in return for light secretarial duties. Box 6714.

WANTED: to teach History in progressive school starting September; male enthusiast able to accept nominal salary at first. Box 6724.

YOUNG Austrian gentlewoman, well-educated, travelled, speaking English, French, Czech, German, typing, "Fremdenverkehr" diploma, requires appointment reception clerk, confidential clerk, secretary, translator, etc., London. Excellent references. Box 6695.

INTELLIGENT girl secretary. Excellent references and good speeds. Wide interests. Box 6691.

ACCOUNTANT, qualified (33), available London part time. Secretarial and business experience. Box 6711.

YOUNG man (23), good education, architectural training, model-maker, interested theatre, particularly puppets, wants job. Pacifist. Box 6720.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

DUPLICATING (Testimonials, Reports, etc.)
TYPEWRITING (Theses, Plays, etc.)
SHORTHAND—Verbatim or condensed reporting.
METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES,
75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

TYPEWRITING of all descriptions including French, Italian and German. LADbroke 1378 after 7 p.m.

FEW hours shorthand-typewriting required two or three evenings weekly, even Saturdays. Box 6688.

TYPEWRITING, with intelligence and accuracy. Prompt, low rates. ELSIE NEWTON, 1 Parton Street, W.C.1. HOLborn 1169.

POSTAL TUITION
for the London University

B.Sc.Econ.
Degree

THE possession of a Degree in Economics opens the door to well-paid teaching and administrative posts under Education authorities and other public bodies; also to statistical, research and welfare work in Commerce and Industry.

Now that the shorter Special Entrance Exam. may be taken instead of Matriculation by all Degree Candidates of 23 and over, the way to the B.Sc. Econ. Degree is easier. No university residence is necessary. Candidates may prepare at home under the experienced guidance of Wolsey Hall, and tuition fees may be spread over the period of the course. **287 Wolsey Hall Students passed London B.Sc.Econ. (External) Exams., 1925-39; during the last 16 years Wolsey Hall Candidates have THRICE obtained the GLADSTONE Memorial Prize (for 1st Place).**

Prospectus

and Guide to the London University B.Sc.Econ. Degree may be obtained post free from the Director of Studies, Dept. VH 82,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

BEACON COTTAGE, Aston Rowant, Oxford. Guest House in Chilterns, safety, good food, comfort and consideration offered. Telephone: Kingston Blount 219.

IMPECCABLE cuisine and congenial company for New Statesman readers and writers. Cent. H., H. & C. all bedrooms. Garden produce. 4 acres of lawn and woodland in rural surroundings. Prospectus, VERNON SYMONDS, "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings. Tel.: Baldslow 19.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House. (Seaford 3008.) Facing sea: h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

RYE, Sussex. In approved Reception Area, Old Hope Anchor Private Hotel. Quiet situation. H. and C. all bedrooms. Reduced terms for long visits. 'Phone 126.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

BOOK NOW. Country House Hotel, near Bournemouth. C. heat, H. & C. Own Produce. Children welcomed. Education arranged. ROOKCLIFF, Milford-on-Sea.

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

CORNISH RIVIERA. Green Bank Hotel, Fowey Facing South. H. & C. Electric fires. From 45s. Write for Tariff. Phone 63.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½-4 *gns.* MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

WOODY BAY HOTEL, Barnstaple, Devon. H. and C. in all bedrooms. Extremely comfortable, has vacancies six permanent residents; 3 *gns.* weekly long stay. Magnificent walks. Seaside, Forest, Moors, Golf, Fishing. Utter peace and quiet. Write Resident Proprietor.

FEDERATION? YES!—of fireside, friendliness and food. Let the countryside bring you the benediction of the quiet mind and stay at the Pillar Hotel, Langdale Estate, Near Ambleside English Lakes. Illustrated booklet on request.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Small, quiet, comfortable, modern. Terms from 13s. 6d. per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

PRALOGNAN, Savoie. Alpes, alt. 4,800ft. Hotel de la Vanoise. Pension 62-70 fs. Excellente cave. Cuisine du pays. Eau courante. Promenades Alpinisme.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

TIMBERSCOMBE, FERNHURST, HASLEMERE. Peaceful retreat. Ideal country. Particulars: MR. and MRS. GOLDRING. Tel.: Fernhurst 6.

THE CO-OPERATIVE HOUSE, 23 Taviton St., W.C.1. Two rooms to let, furnished. 25 *shillings* each, with service. Eus. 4959.

PENN CLUB, 22 Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Quiet, central situation. Temporary residential members received in agreeable, comfortable surroundings at moderate charges. Particulars from the Warden, Museum 4718.

PAYING guest wanted in very comfortable house 5 miles from Cambridge, away from ribbon development. Large garden. Private sitting-room if desired. Box 6686.

FOOD REFORM. Vegetarian. MRS. JOHNSON welcomes paying guests. Congenial atmosphere. 157 Colinton Road, Edinburgh.

PLEASANT furnished rooms, 16s. to 25s. Also unf. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 1043.

HAMPSTEAD. Attractive small room, furnished, to let half price. Constant hot water, bath, cleaning, gas fire, ring. PRI. 6724.

DISTINGUISHED artist's family requires one or two English or foreign paying guests. Lovely rooms. Unconventional atmosphere. Cuisine *soignée*. Qualified language teacher. MAI. 8838.

CHARMING Bijou Guest House, newly decorated, furnished, H. & C., garden. Rooms, including breakfast, dinner, bath, light; 35s. weekly. Buses Nos. 1, 8, 16, 60, 92, near Tube Station. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. Mai. 1930.

BRIXHAM. Rooms to let in 18th century house. Suit family. Particulars from R. W. HOBBS. 31 Burton St., Brixham, Devon.

ESHER. Professional man will receive 2 or 3 business people as paying guests. Good fires, excellent food, friendly atmosphere. Fr. 2½ *gns.* Box 6696.

NEAR OSWESTRY, Shropshire. Small attractive guest house. Every comfort. Peaceful. Delightful country. Tel.: Oswestry 500. HUMPHREYS-JONES, Llwyn, Sweeney Mountain, Oswestry.

PEACEFUL Putney. Excellent cooking, c.h.w. 2-3 guests welcomed in delightful private home. From 2½*gns.* Putney 3185.

SWISS COTTAGE. Attractive large divan rooms. £1, 22s. 6d. With service. Shelters. 6 Belsize Square, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 3426.

FINCHLEY ROAD (Met.). Luxurious large divan room or studio, £1. Small, with water, 12s. 6d. Every comfort. 37 Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6. MAI. 6792.

HIGHGATE. Wanted gentleman share semi-communal flat. MOU. 2450.

LARGE room, or two medium, near British Museum, wanted by author, to accommodate 600 books and files, with shelves; access for study, with or without nearby board-residence. Box 6705.

WANTED by student: unfurnished attic or room, about 12s. 6d.; middle London. HUBBARD, New Green, Little Saling, Braintree.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom). Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131: and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885.

THEN there is always KINGSTON.
Enquiries to The Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh, 9.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES, AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH, LOEB CLASSICS WANTED. L. SIMMONDS, 184 FLEET STREET, E.C.4. (Holborn 5440.)

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £5 5s. 0d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 88